FREDERICK MORGAN HARRIS

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FREDERICK MORGAN HARRIS

# FREDERICK MORGAN HARRIS

## *A LITTLE OF HIS LIFE AND SOME OF HIS LETTERS*

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# FOREWORD

THAT *our children may not lose the magic of a fine but robust personality, and the inspiration of an abundant life, this book is primarily designed. But in appreciation of the friendships which have enriched the lives of both their generation and ours, it is given a little wider circulation.*

*The notes are to elucidate the material of the letters, the little sketch of Fred's life is an attempt to catch and hold for our young people some memories of the singularly fortunate and happy youth we had in Canada, and to trace the main trend of the stream of a full and life-giving manhood lived for the service of God.*

*Fred was seldom separated from his immediate family, and his correspondence with me was the only regular one his busy pen could compass. A few other letters included here are acknowledged with appreciation.*

*It is a matter of regret that there are so few written before his illness. One sees the reason in an almost unconscious assurance that those younger than ourselves will outlive us. When I became aware that his tenure of life might be short, unknown to him, his words were stored as a precious heritage.*

*The editing is quite personal; it seemed best in the interests of clarity and truth to set down only those things seen and known. Much of a personal nature has necessarily been omitted; to cut out all would have meant letters lacking*

*their characteristic warmth, and injustice to a nature as affectionate as it was keen. Those to whom this book goes will understand.*

*If Fred's gallant courage can bring to others something of the comfort and joy it has given to those of us who were nearest to him, the purpose is fulfilled.*

*In the words of William James: "God himself may draw vital strength and increase from our fidelity. For my own part, I do not know what the sweat and blood and tragedy of life mean, if they mean anything short of this. If this life is not a real fight, in which something is gained for the Universe by success, it is no better than a game of private theatricals from which one may withdraw at will. But it feels like a real fight."*

HELEN HARRIS HARBISON.

Sewickley, Pennsylvania.
December, nineteen twenty-nine.

# FREDERICK MORGAN HARRIS

## 1886—1929

IF harmony between heredity and environment, a state neither of poverty nor great riches, and a prepared welcome are conditions ideal for one's entrance into this world, Frederick Morgan Harris was born on June 12, 1886, under stars considered propitious by modern psychologists.

Our parents were young, both talented beyond the ordinary, full of energy, and single-heartedly devoted to a high purpose. A brother and a sister were ready with adoration, and possibly also discipline, and two brothers followed at intervals of five and eight years. His more remote heredity was fortunate. Our four grandparents lived to honored old age, in unusual health of body and mind, pillars of church and community. The strain was pure, and very conservative, English, excepting that our paternal grandmother provided the Welsh blood understood to add the Celtic urge to more adventurous dreams.

Our father's father was an inventor and head of a large business, which supplied machinery to a young agricultural country, while the other grandfather held a government position as registrar, unaffected by the changing fortunes of politics.

Both grandmothers were veritable "mothers in Israel," capable and unbending in principle, yet withal kindly and lenient, especially perhaps to grandchildren. If there were a strict Puritanism in belief and manner of living, I can remember little that was unlovely or antagonizing to happy little visitors.

Our life in Toronto was always distinctly urban, but Brantford, the city sixty miles distant where they all lived,

provided nice old gardens, orchards, vinegrown summer houses, old-fashioned churches, a community life more within the compass of a child's appreciation, and, best of all, a wonderful statue of Brant, the famous old Indian chief.

My most vivid memories are of warm glowing living rooms, bright-eyed but serene faces under grandmotherly lace caps, vigorous grandfathers who never seemed idle or bored, numbers of cousins and uncles and aunts of all ages coming and going for jolly reunions.

One serious joy was to stand before the stained glass window–so oddly, to young minds, placed in an office rather than in a church—the visible memorial to the uncle who had been the "son" of the family business, a man honored no more for his executive genius and skill in managing men than for his rare nobility of character.

Then there was the chilly joy of stealing into Grandmother Shenstone's cold stiff parlor, opened only on high days and holidays. Yet one of those high days saw the inauguration of the first Foreign Missionary Society of our church in Canada in that very room.

The fact that grandparents or parents did not know want of any kind militated apparently not at all against their enthusiasm for, and devotion to, the accomplishment of exacting tasks.

Our home was called "Betheden"—the old Hebrew word meaning "House of Happiness."

Whatever may have been the atmosphere when our parents were children, it is a privilege now to bear testimony to the joyous character of the Christianity presented to us in our own home. The theology was conservative, but the religion seemed to mean a faith sufficient for every vicissitude of life, hope in every dark circumstance, and a charity which expressed itself in untiring service.

Sunday was full and busy, but I do not believe even my brothers ever felt it to be a dreary day. The evening always found us happy, with a houseful of friends, old and young,

from the minister of our church, sharing Father's relaxation, to the students of nearby colleges come for a little bit of home.

Many of the eminent men in the religious world were our guests, and my memories of their visits are alight with fine faces, good stories and lovable human traits that but added to the impression of their public eloquence.

In the fashion of the Christian households of that day, cards and theatre were largely taboo, but our parents frankly tried to make up for such deprivation by the advantages of lectures, music and travel. Father's business life broadened our horizon, and meant interests and advantages not always possible to children of the Manse. Fred would hardly remember my father in the active pastorate, the last twenty years of his life being devoted to teaching.

In returning to Fred's childhood, we find my Father the minister of a flourishing church, where old families in their dignified homes were the greatest joy in both religious and social life. We lived between McMaster Hall, then a Theological Seminary, and Moulton College for girls; and my Father's Alma Mater, the University of Toronto, provided still more of academic atmosphere. Echoes reach me in later life of how great was the influence in the lives of students, teachers and embryo preachers, of the young pastor and his radiant wife.

Four years after Fred's coming we moved one mile westward—Mother grieving deeply at going so far from friends inexpressibly dear!—where my Father, with his family's substantial help, built the Walmer Road Church. It is situated in a fine residential neighborhood, but was designed to attract also people of humble station from an adjacent district. "The rich and the poor" would "meet together, for the Lord is the maker of them all."

A strong church resulted. I remember my Father's joy when a bricklayer was elected to the diaconate, and my Mother's distress when the new deacon officiated at Communion with a gleaming gold stud doing duty in place of a

tie. But the tie followed kindly advice, and the whole enterprise was vastly to the advantage of us children.

A very definite change came in our environmental influence early in Fred's life, when we, who had been without neighborly relatives, had six cousins come to live beside us. The grownups' satisfaction was complete in a fellowship which the years only deepened, and was reflected in the work and play and study shared by the children. Until our own circle was broken by the passing of Mother and Father within two years, holiday times always found us still one united group. So deep was my Mother's reverence for family life and its festivals, that, after my brother Frank's death in September, the Christmas festivity was arranged with all the pleasures and ceremony of brighter days. What it cost her to carry it through only those of us who were close to her ever knew. When I left Toronto there were nine different households of the family connection.

Fred upset the old wives' theory that "the bad boys make the best men." I cannot remember the happy, friendly, serious, little boy ever subjected to punishment or conspicuous discipline. He was hot-tempered but generous, truthful without being priggish or tactless, ceaselessly busy in a world that provided him numbers of things more than he could exhaust, but withal serene and friendly. A very severe illness of diphtheria, when he was two years old, may have been the cause of the physical handicap which meant that, ever afterward, in his own phrase used of a friend, he was "bedeviled by ill-health."

Always in the first rank of scholarship, at sixteen Fred seemed ready for some new educational environment. One of the masters of Lawrenceville School was summering in Muskoka, and his enthusiasm fired the interest of the restless school boy. September found Fred in Lawrenceville's Fifth Form, the first of the clan to leave Canada. Even Princeton never displaced Lawrenceville in his heart. From letters long since gone, a most vivid impression remains with me of head master, masters and boys, some of these last friends through

the years. The old interest was easily revived when it came to be a question of a school for our own boys, and Fred seemed to delight in re-living again the old life in his nephews' experience.

Then came Princeton, when a keen appreciation of its joys and privileges was tempered by a humorous and clear-eyed gauging of the drawbacks of college life. A glorious two years of more promiscuous club associations was followed by the complete congeniality of Cap and Gown. He graduated with honors and Phi Beta Kappa standing, on his twenty-first birthday. His degree was a scientific one, and a Fellowship in Astronomy was offered. A world of education, a world of business were open, and his gift for teaching in the one, and his great executive capacities in the other, would have almost surely meant success.

But turning his back on all, Fred resolved upon a life of self-denying Christian service. The ministry did not seem to attract him deeply. Inimitable as he could be in a small group, his forte was not public speaking. His talents were those of critic and teacher rather than preacher.

He returned to Toronto to help Father in writing a book on the Old Testament. Father was primarily a preacher and lecturer, with fine presence, ringing voice and a quite remarkable faculty for assembling in arresting form the truth in which he believed so utterly, but writing was irksome. After nearly forty years of preaching and teaching, he left only outlines of sermons and studies of the books of the Bible.

But the two were of different generations, at the time when generations were probably farthest apart. Father was a gloriously sure conservative, Fred a young, but scholarly, liberal. The decision to work separately brought no discredit to either one.

Then began for Fred the twenty-one years in The International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, which was to mean so much to that movement in the humanizing and liberalizing of its Student and Publication

departments. Kept at the home base by Dr. Mott's express wish, he "carried on" there in the war, and, in the years that followed, accomplished tasks almost Herculean. As he used to say: "All work in war time is badly done"; and the burden on executives was everywhere heavy.

In a report last spring on the history of the first four years of the National Council, these words appear:

> . . . And Fred Harris, one of the finest minds and one of the purest souls who has ever served the national organization, gave a kind of help that defies description. Whether we wrestled with the meaning of Jesus to this age, the technique of research, the relations of the Men's and the Women's Associations, the organization of the Division, the complacency and the critical attitude of local leaders, or the application of the educational method to general agency service, his lucid mind and calm spirit made an invaluable contribution. Though his bodily presence is gone may his spirit abide in the National Office.

Just one love affair occupied Fred's life. With only a few months' difference in their ages, he and Hilda at sixteen were friends and lovers, at twenty-three were married. In twenty years of devotion they were seldom separated, and then only for brief periods. Their immediate family circle was not broken, the satisfaction of fatherhood being fulfilled in the three daughters, each so different from the other, each with a peculiar relation to him. In the guidance of their lives, he was so meticulously careful to inspire and encourage, never to dictate; and still for them, in his memory, there will be a perennial spring of encouragement and inspiration, through all the years.

All sorts of games were the diversion of youth and mature life. At one time Fred was, like his older brother, Junior tennis champion of Canada, in school and college was active in football and baseball, and always loved a game of golf. Frank, five years his junior, was an exceptionally fine swimmer, coached by the older brother. Memory brings back the two boys in diving contests, Fred always first testing the height, Frank following to win the prize. His skill in billiards and bridge might almost suggest a "wasted youth."

The psychoanalyst, interested in normality, would delight in Fred as an example of pet theories, for his emotional development was normal and complete. "Puppy love" he knew, into romantic love he had thrown his whole heart, but all his affections matured normally and fully. He admired young girls and could completely charm them, but no less was his enthusiasm reserved for, as he expressed it, "the woman who has arrived." We are told this is a highly civilized, a European, attitude. If so, it provides one more proof of Fred's lack of provincialism. In all relationships, a combination of youthful freshness and emotional maturity made for appreciation and stability. When a Freshman in college, he insisted on interviewing the man who aspired to his sister's hand in marriage. The suitor can testify how thorough was the inquisition!

In only one other instance, have I seen the metamorphosis of the solemnity of the little boy into an almost roistering sense of humor in maturity. No one who ever knew Fred could fail to associate with him the light and speed of delicious humor and flashing wit. Never the buffoon, he yet by sheer force of fun-loving brilliance could be the life of any party.

"The best mixer I have ever known" was his oldest brother's verdict. He seemed to be unaffectedly interested in persons—age, race, rank or color making no difference. One story he told on himself illustrates his whimsical and affectionate touch on people. A colored porter was carrying his bag a longer distance than is usual. Fred, trudging beside him, remarked: "You know I am just as able as you are to carry that bag." The reply delighted the philosopher: "Yes, sah. I know dat, sah, but you see I'se dressed for de part."

Yet dignity was the foundation of courtesy and friendliness. Some one attempted to patronize him, and delightful indeed was his sputtering: "I'm like the English nobleman who never remembered his rank until some one else forgot it."

While he could be very impatient with stupidity, and vastly and volubly indignant about all manner of things, I never heard a word of recrimination or bitterness from my

brother's lips. Men might differ from him, but he made few if any enemies, and disillusionment was a word not in his vocabulary. This last may have been partially at least due to the frankness and freedom in which we were brought up. Even the Santa Claus myth was not forced upon us. Ideals, dreams, romance were a part of life as we knew it, but the ideals usually were those toward which one could work, the dreams of the variety which can be made to come true, and romance, in its most sane and lasting form, came to us all. A family of outspoken children make rather short work of vain illusions.

Of Fred's religion it is not necessary to speak. His faith was that of the scholar and thinker. His whole life testified to its depth and height and beauty. He seemed to like the term "reverent agnosticism"; I heard him use it in Geneva when discussing the nature of God. Where the soldier cannot understand, he obeys and follows on. A favorite text was: "he that doeth My will shall know of the doctrine."

So we knew, as husband or brother, or father, or friend, this man whose zest for life was as broad as life itself. He loved old tweeds, and Gilbert and Sullivan, melodrama and detective stories, good food and conviviality, yet had not the slightest objection to dress clothes, thrilled to Bernard Shaw, Beethoven and Brahms, was keenly critical and discriminating in editorial work, and lived simply and abstemiously.

His life offered no time for the more formal degrees of scholarship, but in every circle Fred dominated by sheer force of mentality and wisdom. A friend of wide experience and varied associations wrote only this week from Egypt:

"Your brother's letters will be a precious possession. I only had three long private talks with him, but I think he influenced me as much as any one I have ever met."

# LETTERS

Our oldest son was born in 1907 six weeks before Fred's graduation from Princeton, the second arrived a few months before his marriage in Vancouver. Even with such worthwhile excuses, it was keenly disappointing not to share these two experiences.

"Dr. Faustus" was produced under his direction, and marked the revival of interest in the drama in Princeton, a movement now known so creditably as the "Theatre Intime."

My dear Brother and Sister:

You cannot imagine the excitement here today when the wire came. I am afraid the telegram which I dictated at once over the 'phone was altogether incoherent. Never mind, I sent my congratulations. The little *man* (! ! !) has taken his time, but he is a whopper certainly now that he has arrived. God bless the dear little fellow!

Oh, your home will be complete now, mamma, papa, and the baby! It is delicious.

I am so glad mother is so well, and is keeping so now the ordeal is over: the joy must be supreme in both your hearts—I wish I could be with you. God bless and keep you all!

Enclosed are the clippings concerning "Dr. Faustus"—which was a success beyond our wildest dreams—"completely eclipses Ben Greet," "most artistic show ever given in Princeton," "best tragedy, amateur and professional, in years." Let it only add to your joy now, and not weary you with detail!

My unbounded love! I believe Tex sends his in a personal note too.

Yours,
Skelly

My dear little man:

I received your welcome postal card some few days ago, and was certainly glad to hear from you. Uncle Tex says that it will be now a surprisingly short time till you are able to walk and talk with the rest of them.

Your size astonishes me; and your mother and grandmother seem both to insist upon your good looks. I hope you are not too much so, because they say a pretty baby never makes a very handsome man. The programme of your life which I have from your grandmother, whose son, my dear sir, I have the honor to be, pleases me immensely; especially the anti-rocking and the out-of-door slumbers. Do not let yourself be handled too much.

They tell me that your reverend father pushes out his chest now, upon all occasions. Tell him to be careful and not burst the buttons on his waistcoat.

I hope you will convey my kindest regards to your mother and father. I understand that you made more than the usual trouble upon your entrance into this weary world; see now that you behave well to make up for it.

It is an old saying that a little boy should always be careful to keep his nose clean.

I have the honor to sign myself

Your Uncle Fred

May 7, 1907

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After the claims of two eminent grandfathers had been met, our third son was named for Fred.

December 29, 1912

My dear Ralph:

Your news was much of a surprise to me this morning. To say I am highly delighted is to use weak and unmeaning words. Hilda came into the office this morning, and she joins with me in the greatest delight.

You take a great risk, but it will be an incentive to live more and more so that the boy will be *really* proud of his name. I hope I can make it mean to him justice, love, truth, and brotherliness. It is a very serious matter for contemplation.

Because, when the namesake comes in, it is rather indefinite to omit the middle name, I prefer it in, in accordance with your wishes. I thought over my own case. I was named after Frederick Stark; but this of course, has lost all significance because the middle name was not added. So I gladly join in your wishes, for, however slender the honor for the little fellow may be, that is the purpose of the name.

Give my best love to Helen and the boys. We are sending her some rather good pictures of the little ones. It will be a dearer bond than ever to have a Helen in our family and a Fred in yours.

Erdman arrived big and fine-looking this morning. He seems to have developed wonderfully and to be coming up to all the rich promise of his early boyhood.

The girls are all so much better that I am greatly rejoiced and much relieved. Helen and Hilda have alternated in being sick right straight along, and Tildy about once every three weeks or less.

Well good luck to one and all and a thousand good wishes for the little Freddy. Yours,

Fred

---

Our bookshelves testify to Fred's love of biography, where every anniversary found a new volume to humor my similar hobby. In Geneva, the last book, laid down unfinished, was a "Life," appropriate surely in one whose interest in the life abundant was deep and perennial.

September 14, 1916

My dearest Sister:

Your letter was waiting my return from Boston.

I am glad you have had such a fine summer. There is no question that is a good place and I don't see how you could do better. So much of my summer has been spent hard at work that it does not seem much like a mid-year holiday, but I have been very well and the work has been very engrossing.

Our last job has been to pick a new man for the combination, and tonight I sent off our proposition to him. It is a very very difficult matter to decide and I hope it will turn out all right. At least I have done all I can; and I have put the onus of the decision on him: so there will be no vain regrets. We have a bad habit in the Association of forcibly pulling men into our positions, and it has sometimes resulted very disastrously. I cannot feel that it is right to put the pressure on; I can only place the facts before the man and let him decide. It will be a big job to give him the necessary help this fall.

The family is well; and Hilda is getting on quite as well as one could expect, I think. If I had the ordering of the universe, I believe I should change some of these things a little—and probably make a hash of it. However, some lightening of the woman's load ought to be within the possibilities of civilization.

Yes, I suppose——is overburdened with good advice. Well, I have said all I'm going to say; so unless he opens the subject he is safe with me. There are some things that have to be said, but the result will be a matter of character, which rests upon something very much deeper than good advice. I trust we have not in our lives totally misrepresented the true Christian attitude toward the confusions of the world.

So you are seriously thinking of a run out to Fargo. The fall is certainly the time to go and I am sure you will enjoy it. I'd like to be with you on the trip—but it cannot be this time. I must stick very close from now on.

After much delay I have been picking up the "Life of John Hay" at bedtime. When I get back at it again, I always won-

der why I read anything else but biography. If a novel is not really first rate, I get very much out of patience with it and skip frightfully. But biography—that is, the best—is interesting and is easily picked up and laid down; and, after all, it seems to stimulate more than anything else. I have just been figuring up my XIX Century biographies during the past two years. Here is the list:

Gladstone (reread)
Disraeli
Cobden
Bright
Cardinal Manning
Cardinal Newman
Cavour
Studies in Contemporary Biography (Bryce)
Tennyson (largely reread)
Browning
Francis Thompson
New John Hay

I'll keep filling this in, sticking to the XIX Century for at least a couple of years more. I've covered Phillips' "History of Modern Europe," too.

Of course, now I've plunged into Hebrew History and it is very stimulating. Writing a book is a powerful agent of concentrated study. The Old Testament is growing on me daily; it is a great mistake to slight it. Also, I have found the various encyclopedias are wonderful on these special topics. They are well-written and very exact and really interesting. They are my main reference books just now.

My Everyday Life Series subscriptions scheme seems to be panning out well—300 subscriptions in about ten days. Every subscription is sheer velvet; and if we get 700, it will be a big success. We are to issue one book each quarter covering 13 weeks. The books sell individually for 50 cents; subscribed for in advance, $1.50 for the four. We have had encouraging comments from all directions. It is strange to see the order forms come in with "This is a fine scheme," "Hope

it succeeds," "Please let me know how many are subscribing," scrawled at the bottom. It is a pet scheme of mine, and I am anxious to see it go.

My love to one and all, oceans for yourself.

Fred

---

We had planned to attempt together a book with a possible substance and title "What Shall I Teach My Children" designed for parents of earnest desire and liberal faith. But from two busy lives and because of Fred's precarious health, the project was temporarily dropped.

October 18, 1916

My dear Sister:

I had your note this morning.

Now as to the book. I have been giving it much more thought than anything I have said would indicate. And stagnation on my part, besides pressure of other affairs, has resulted somewhat from the fact that we haven't got the foundation laid. The outline we had I put aside entirely. It is misleading—altogether too much piecemeal. The thing will go on the rocks if we cannot conceive it as a whole along general lines. This is what I have been trying to do and as I see my way only very dimly. This kind of work is always the most tedious work we ever do on a book—and the most time consuming. It is so much easier to take up the facile pen and spin along, but this doesn't work out. In the last two years, the only book we had written without an outline had to be rejected, *outlined*, and written over again. I always ask our authors now to submit an outline for general criticism, partly to get the criticism and partly to be sure they have an outline. My failure yet to get a clear clue has blocked my sending you anything.

First of all, there has emerged one question that must be answered. Are we to deal only with material or with both material and method? I was first inclined to think that the

material was quite enough for one book; but lately I have inclined the other way—I wonder if it will ever be serviceable to parents unless hints as to *how* as well as *what* are given. If both material and method, then shall it be method under each heading or a general section on method? We certainly ought to keep the two aspects distinctly in mind. We must be sure that the reader understands precisely *what* it is that he is to get over before he gets tied up in the means to be used.

To business then. It will not be hard to get the thing under way if we can work to a scheme that is really orderly. The work will lack proportion if we dabble at a chapter here and a chapter there until the whole conception is in mind. I think that if we split up the work the writing will be the easiest part. (This book has brought into my mind another scheme to work on. I'll tell you it in detail when we get this under way.)

I take up our jumbled headings:

| | |
|---|---|
| God | Death |
| Jesus Christ | Home |
| Church | Bible |
| Patriotism | Origin and Life |
| Friendships | |

There will still be others.

Now, can we take these in the order the problems will appear in the life of the child?

Is this a logical development and theme for the child or for the mother?

Does some such conception as loyalty permit a thread to hang the various chapters upon?

Can we make a consistent statement of what we hope for the child of twelve as a result of these teachings? This would show objective clearly and might indicate order of procedure.

I have made an attempt to sum up these things. Will you check this over and tear it to pieces? You will understand that the order is not significant here.

*We want the child—*

1. To have some understanding of the *institutions* that are an active and persistent part of his environment:

Home
Church
Country
} Should we, can we, add the School?

(These are present facts in the life of the child whether we will it or not. They need interpretation.)

2. To have an understanding commensurate with the childish period of the nature and significance of the personal relationships that are or ought to be facts of its life.

Family
Friends
God and Jesus Christ
Heroes, Great Men and Women.
} The Bible Books.

3. To understand something about the mysterious facts of its own existence.

Origin of Life
Purpose of Life
Suspension of Life
Life Everlasting

Does this not represent our aim in general? If so, our plan of operation should be very different from what was my original idea—I do not know whether it was in your mind or not.

I class books and the Great Book under personal relationships simply because it seems to me that "literature" hardly exists for children. The thing is *reality* to them. They haven't heard the wheels squeak yet, every book is an acquaintance with persons.

Think these things over and let me hear from you.

The book to be issued on January 1st, "Psalms and the Social Life" by Dr. McAfee, is very much better and would be away ahead for textbook purposes. I could probably get

you a set of first sheets of this work to carry you up till the time of issue. As soon as these books are issued they are put regularly on sale at 50 cents per volume. I cannot get you any discount on books for classes any more. Books for your individual use or for Christmas gifts come within the agreement, but classes all must pay full price in the future.

We are well and getting on nicely—'ceptin' we have no cook. Lily and Dora buckle in, however, and we are getting along somehow. Cooks are terribly scarce this year, and we are adamant about the Irish. No more for us if we can possibly keep away from them.

My best regards to one and all. Love to Fizzy and oceans for yourself.

Yours,
Fred

---

The following letter followed a tentative proposition that he should give up his very exacting position, and, for a few years at least, have a rest from writing and office work, possibly in Pittsburgh.

No shadow of jealousy in Hilda or Ralph ever darkened our enjoyment as brother and sister. We like to feel our children may find in one another so utterly satisfying a relationship. Our faults were known and recognized, but the love for and dependence upon one another endured unbroken for forty-two years. Only one misunderstanding ever occurred, and, due to a third person, it was mercifully brief and left no sting. My own debt I could never repay. The baby brother, the little pupil, became, in later life, friend and counselor. For many years Fred largely directed my reading and study, and his impression on all my thought is deep and lasting. Almost every friend, with whom Fred came into intimate contact, could, I think, bear similar testimony. Because of his liberality, and essentially youthful thinking, he has been an immense help in the understanding of our children.

PRINCETON CLUB,
NEW YORK

August 10, 1922

My dearest Sister:

It was terribly hard to leave you last night. Without ever surrendering your old relationship to me, so much has been added of mother's that I grow lonely for you many, many times. Even Tildy notices it, and says: "You need to see Helen again; go on, for it always does you good!" This was really the best few days' visit we have ever had; would it could have run on and on. You and Ralph mean more to me than can be well put in words, as I said, the very thought of being able to live near you threatens to upset my judgment completely; but I shall certainly not allow it to affect me the other way, that is negatively. The right thing is no less the right thing, surely, even if it brings extra happiness with it.

Thank you a thousand times for these wonderful days. Give my love to one and all. I hope sincerely that your party will not become so complex that it will burden you even after all your care. Do be careful of yourself now that you have made the grade so far. I send you a heartful of love and my particular thanks to old Orpheus.

Your
Fred

SOUTHILL,
YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N. Y.

January 3, 1923

My dear Girl:

I am getting around again slowly, gaining a little every day. I cannot plead guilty to any known indiscretion as a cause for the late lamented upset, though there may have been one at the base of it. I am really able to be very quiet and contented here at home, but I shall take great pleasure in a spell of Atlantic City toward the end of the month. It did me much good before; and I enjoy it so very much, in-

deed. The color of that life, there, has always kept me very much interested and the facilities for recreation of the milder kinds are really far better than in Pinehurst, for example.

Hilda and Helen are at "Cyrano" this afternoon. I know they will both enjoy it thoroughly. I'd be very glad to see it again myself. There is a number of good new plays on hand that I am sorry to miss.

There is a fine article on "The Parson's Battle" in the current *New Republic*—evidently by Croly. It hits the need of the situation perfectly, in my opinion. The properties and enterprises of the churches, mark my words, will prevent a real settlement. There will be more compromises that settle nothing and the truth will be once more allowed to drop into the background. It is true that the modernists as modernists have never made themselves clear and are thus unfair to the fundamentalists. A great leader now would be highly welcome.

Weather still very warm. The old timers picture a hard, cold winter this year—because a few geese flew south in September, I believe. Well, everyone makes mistakes.

Best regards to all your family. I have worn Sammy's tie to the open glee of my family and friends. Love to yourself, unbounded.

Yours ever,

Fred

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One day in Geneva, when our hearts were heavy in the presence of suffering and with our own approaching sorrow, suddenly came the comforting remembrance of how little of sorrow Fred had known. Perhaps only one great loss had come to him. This letter is released to even this limited publicity, as reflecting what our mother had meant in his life, and also his belief in a survival of personality after death. Mother's beauty of character was crystalline, but Fred loved to remember how keen were her intuitions, how fine a mental wisdom was her natural endowment, and how high a

spiritual development crowned her life's experience. At the early age of fifty-one, her going was so swift and sudden, we all felt it was translation to another room of a Father's house. She never was old, and for us she still lives in the beauty of her warm, vital, merry, deeply human nature.

May 30, 1923

My dearest Sister:

I have been trying to get down to writing you for several days but a very busy time, punctuated by hideous neuralgia, has kept me delaying and delaying.

I am myself crazy about the western trip, and the children are most eager; Tildy, somewhat more rested, is enthusing and willing to take a chance. The cook stove and the wash tub look terribly serious to her just now. I hope we shall have some domestic luck; then I know the summer will be a veritable godsend to the whole family. Tildy and I are both overjoyed that the families can be together. For myself, I had hardly hoped for any such good fortune for many years to come; it seems now within our reach.

Well, the General Assembly had quite a time, didn't it? I hope there will be found a way out without making too much trouble. I regret to say that fighting blood is up here. There is to be a big luncheon at the Astor for Fosdick on Friday—where I expect to occupy a ringside seat—and I am afraid someone may fire off unwisely. I understand the church will not hear of his resigning, which he is perfectly willing to do. How Satan must laugh over our internecine warfare! We must hope that it will subside with some degree of gentleness. It is blinding our eyes, however, to facts if we delude ourselves as to the N. Y. and Westchester presbyteries. The clergy and a large group of the laity are fighting mad. Quite a number have indicated that if Fosdick goes they must properly go too, since they hold the same views. I can see, though, how the whole episode may mean a real spiritual awakening in the Presbyterian Church and we may live to be thankful that it all occurred.

My love to all the family. I am sure our mother must know about it all and rejoice in the way you have taken her place in care for this son of hers and those who are dear to him. To me the thought of a whole summer near you seems like a little glimpse of Paradise on earth. God *will* bless you and the old dog, too—to overflowing.

Your
Fred

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A LONG-LOST paper has just come to light in an old notebook. Fred must have written it a little while after Mother's death. It bears no date, is called "The Golden Memory." These few quotations are preserved among his letters:

"As a companion to her boys my mother was perfectly delightful. Having only had one mother, it is not possible to say how she compared with others in this regard. However, from the conversation of most men, it is quite certain that we were at liberty to discuss more readily and more deeply with her than is the case with most sons. I cannot recall a single subject that was not possible of discussion between us. No conventional reticence ever interposed to make any conversation embarrassing, and the most intimate personal topics were handled back and forth without any hesitation. Such an experience can be remembered only with the deepest gratitude and keenest pleasure, for there are many aspects of experience that a boy's mother alone can open up to him."

"Before the marriage of each of her three children my mother spoke often of the great principle upon which a happy home is based. One simple maxim—'A woman wants to be loved and to be *told so!*' repeated again and again, became a kind of family joke, then in real experience passed into its own deep seriousness, where it has remained now as experience has enlarged the view of those to whom it was spoken. Then, after marriage, her advice was withdrawn till it was pointedly asked, and then never in one iota did she attempt

to have a confidence with any of her children apart from their husbands or wives. This is a subtle point in the mother-in-law's relation to the life of her children. Let there once creep into the mind of the man that his partner in life has a secret with someone else, or any kind of a co-operation with someone else, be it even for the husband's good, the way is open for marital unhappiness of the most bitter variety. My mother knew this to the very full and never did there cross her lips phrases like 'now, your wife is so and so, and you had better get to work and change it' or, 'if I were you I would tell my husband to do thus and so.' Whatever advice was given was simply in the nature of an urging of her own children to do better and more unselfishly by their life partners. Grandchildren were enjoyed thoroughly by her—but left to their own mothers and fathers to bring up."

"The rule of my mother's whole life is expressed in the figure of the measure filled to overflowing. Her notion of love, and of personal relationship in general, did not make it in any sense the fulfilling of a duty, but the overflowing of sheer joy in personal contact and devotion. What made her different from so many of us was that she believed in the 'overplus of affection.' To fulfill certain requirements was no part of her plan. To demand returns for each job of love put out was as far from her as is the East from the West. Further, she never claimed affection from others on the basis of relationships of any kind. She expected her children to love her not because she was their mother, but because she loved them. In all my life at home I never heard a word about what was 'due her' or any bothering about 'her rights.' The law of losing one's life to find it applies here with a vengeance, for others were always eager to protect her rights and to bring her all her dues of devotion."

*Of her close relation to her younger brother:*

"Life must be full of the wonderful relationships between brother and sister. They cannot be set down in full anywhere for the relationship is not exciting; but those who have seen

and known such, have ever an example of high friendship before them to be achieved and maintained at any price."

"Surely she is safe in the world who has courage, sympathy, and a sense of humor."

"There is one gift that must be possessed to make others sure, as has been said, and that is courage. Other qualities seem to lose their edge if they are not combined with a normal robustness that keeps down hesitations, queries, procrastinations, sensitiveness, undue caution, or pure lethargy. The soldier's knees may be shaking together before the battle; but if the soldier is like the immortal in the story who cried, 'Shake, shake!—you would shake ten times worse if you knew what I am going to take you through!' what difference if they do knock a little? When courage arises out of indifference of mere brutality, we do not envy the quality: when it carries the shaking knees into the thick of battle, the angels wonder."

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The summer of 1923 in Colorado, happy in many respects, was marred by Fred's recurrent attacks of illness. But many men at that time were depleted in strength and he, never very robust, had been under great pressure, so we hoped that rest would effect a cure.

But on returning home, the glandular disease was diagnosed and all his work suspended. That he lived so many years beyond the expected time must be considered a triumph of medical skill, but also largely due to his own buoyant courage and absolute obedience to medical discipline. There was almost no field of human knowledge in which Fred was wholly a stranger, yet of his peculiar ailment he read never a word. Never did anyone hear him bemoan the fate which had overtaken him.

Once he said:

"You know I could not very well have a trouble with less discomfort," and expressed himself as wishing to write a

pamphlet on "How to live with————" to help others in similar circumstances.

Always he spoke only most casually of his possible death and in Geneva, a week before the end, said: "the progress is slow but it is progress."

Surely he had the brave man's concern with life—not death.

SOUTHILL
YORKTOWN HEIGHTS, N. Y.

September 22, 1923

My dearest Sister:

Your note came yesterday. Be assured I enjoy your "little screeds" more than I can tell you and I shall appreciate them more than ever during the coming days. I shall be more faithful myself, because I am in much better mood since I have been able to begin some kind of definite planning. I am still feeling pretty well—except for the beastly mornings. But I spend these in bed so that I get through them pretty well. After my dinner—which, by a wise precaution, my wife gives me on a tray in the study—I feel able to act more in imitation of a human being: by night I am feeling pretty funny. Last night for the first time in many, many months I slept through from 10:00 till 7:00. I get a short walk each day which is quite my limit of exercise. Goodridge warns me that fatigue is fatal to proper recovery.

I have been reading with absolute fascination Beveridge's "Life of John Marshall." There are five volumes of it, but I have only had two up here. It is wonderful. You and Ralph would enjoy it I am sure. Biography remains to me the most satisfying of all reading. I cannot go very far amusing myself with magazines or light novels. But when out of sorts, I find biography restful and most relaxing. It is easy to drop and pick up and does not excite spurious emotions. "John Marshall" is magnificent because of its very fullness—the side-roads are all followed along so carefully that the picture comes out complete. The thing is so carefully documented

that I think it must be really accurate, though Beveridge's opinions are freely expressed whenever he feels like it. How he hates Jefferson! and, partly at least, despises Madison, in spite of the "transcendent intellect." After all, history seems more vivid in biography. Events are seen as personal experience—which they are.

The family moves along. Tildy has been very busy getting us packed up and the house in order for the tenants. The lease is signed and the first payment made and we are delighted with our people. Really you would enjoy her immensely—her letter was utterly misleading. Her husband is very presentable. He is a concert basso. I think I told you he was badly shaken up in the war and has been almost an invalid till recently. It is hoped that he will sing again as his nerves recover their poise. We have had two delightful evenings with them, and they are rather eager—if they cannot have the place in the summer—to take it over every winter. They may buy it.

I shall be glad to see Ralph. I am sorry to miss Atlantic City but I could not have made it without real danger, I know. My thread of energy is amazingly weak and the work I did on my return pretty nearly finished me. My friends were all convinced I was an advanced T. B. when I appeared here that Friday.

My love to you all. Write to me when you can, 411 W. 114th St., for the present. If I go to Cleveland at all, I'll beg your hospitality for a day or two; so we can talk face to face.

Yours,
Fred

411 W. 114th St., N. Y.,
September 23, 1923

My dearest Sister:

We arrived last evening after a journey down in the pouring rain, but found our place all ready for us and settled down very comfortably at once. Last evening the Andrews, and Erdman, were in. Having already established my

status as an invalid, I was able to lie down and thoroughly enjoyed the party. Andrews has a very pleasant baritone voice, well-trained but suffering from disuse since the war; he has now some new stimulus to sing with Erd, so I am hoping for some concerts. Andrews has made me a little radio, so I shall be able to get the news, etc., when I am shut in. C. goes off West on a hunting trip and came to say goodbye. He has promised me a goat head. I wonder if I told you that his fine old father died quite suddenly this summer. C. was terribly broken up over it and when I came in August was dying to have some one to talk to about him. He was a most attractive man and I am to have a picture of him, I'm glad to say. I know C. would greatly appreciate a note from you: he is hungry for real sympathy. Erd was a host in himself and made himself very agreeable to our visitors. Andrews is a great athlete: he and Erd have fixed up tennis. Alas, that was to have been my game this fall. We are surrounded by friends here—Sammy, Erd, Andrews, Jenkins, Micous, Higgins, Trousdells (who have a city apartment now), etc., so I hope to have some nice visitors.

I feel very well this morning after a magnificent sleep. Rest does pick me up wonderfully. Last night I slept for nearly nine hours. Yesterday I had a bad attack of neuritis after the wet drive. I rested in bed immediately on my arrival and in a half hour every bit of pain was gone.

I need only a comfortable chair with a foot-rest. I think I shall get one such as you got me in Sewick. It was very comfortable and light to handle.

A nice card from Ralph today announces his coming. I expect him here on Tuesday afternoon. He says a goodly time was given to Association Press and a strong endorsement passed. This makes me feel very good indeed.

My love to you all. The girls were all off to school today, all splendid after their holiday in the West and eager for work, even Fritzi—who now has a desk.

Your

Fred

September 24, 1923

My dearest Sister:

I take this opportunity—before I have arisen in the morning—to drop you a line along with others. I suppose this is the last that will surely reach you as the next will be face to face.

The shining morning faces are off to school again. Hildegarde comes home for lunch this week, thereafter we shall only have Fritz in the middle of the day. Helen in particular is going to have a busy life. She has skipped her year and will therefore have to keep on her toes.

I have been reading "Tennyson" by son Hallam and "simply screaming," as the ladies would say, over both father and son. Really Tennyson's pose as the great Victorian gentleman loving the "common peepul" is rich beyond words, and son Hallam, of course, never glimpses even remotely the fun of the thing. I can forgive T. much for his real praise of Browning, though here and there a touch of patronage mars it. Still he does say that B. is the "biggest brained poet in England." I am coming to believe that son Hallam played Dad a dirty trick: T.'s own stuff in the "Life" is entirely different from the slush ladled out by the faithful boy. But what can you say of a poet, supposedly of the first rank, who could bring himself to write "The Lord of Burleigh"—

> In her ear he whispers gaily,
> "If my heart by signs can tell
> Maiden, I have watched thee daily
> And I think thou lov'st me well."

*Or* "The Queen of the May." I was thinking as I read—of course, I had been through the "Life" before—how entirely out of T.'s range are such lines as I hit in Browning:

> "Pray,
> Lead us into no such temptation, Lord,
> Yea, but, O Thou whose servants are the bold,
> Lead such temptations by the head and hair,
> Reluctant devils, up to who dares fight,
> So that he may do battle and have praise."

The idea of leading temptations up to the fellow who can lick them is colossal.

I am out of the surgeon's hands at last. The wound got along well—no infection, but it has been slow in healing perfectly: due to depleted blood, of course, I expect. I may again take a bath not only up as far as possible and down as far as possible but possible too.

Warm weather here, but bright and clear.

Love to one and all. Your

Fred

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Erdman was at Union Seminary that winter, a fortunate arrangement for both brothers.

411 W. 114th St.
Oct. 9, 1923

My dearest Sister:

These days are so very busy doing nothing that it seems to be hard to get settled at my desk again.

The vacation from treatment is passing very happily. The weather continues perfect and I find it pleasant to sit out on the campus at Columbia. We are still searching for the proper help and so I have persuaded Tildy to come out to lunch still. Thus we have a very fine time out in the sun each morning when we go for Fritz. There is a nice strip of lawn across the street from Horace Mann and this year it has been provided with benches.

The boys come in to see me. Erd is more than faithful and keeps me posted on all that is doing around the Seminary. Dr. Coffin came in to see me today, which was very courteous for a very busy man. He seems well and is delighted to have had Erdman established at his church. The boy is working very hard and taking things very seriously. With his M.A. and B.D. he would be all right for the future even if he never took a Ph.D.

Disraeli is finished—six volumes—and I am indeed sorry to part with him. The biography is not written in a very entertaining manner, but the subject is so much bigger than

the men who wrote, that it is never really tiresome even when the writers run in some of their own twaddle. As I may have to write biography in the near future, I am studying biographical method pretty carefully. At least, I know a long list of things not to do.

I'll try to send you something on "Arianism," though I am not exactly sure what you want. Your letter of previous date on the subject seems to have disappeared in the moving. I have so little energy of the "get up and get" kind. I only begin to realize how far I have gone down. I am glad, however, that the corner is turned. Day by day may not see much change but I am vastly improved over three weeks ago.

My love and regards to one and all.

Yours,
Fred

October 12, 1923

My dearest Sister:

I have a quiet time here resting from the X-ray, so I will drop you a line.

My progress seems to be good. Blood-tests today apparently show a marked improvement, and I am really feeling very well. Yesterday I had to go up to Yorktown to attend to some indispensable matters. I enjoyed myself thoroughly and felt well and not tired afterwards. I am sanely getting over the down-and-out feeling.

We shall be more than glad to see you on Wednesday. I wish I knew about Tildy, but she can't make up her mind to go.

I am now on the "Dance of Life" and will send you a review as soon as I have finished the book. It starts off very well indeed. Disraeli I parted from with reluctance. You see after living for six volumes of 500 pages apiece with a man, there is a sort of gap after he has gone. However, I am making notes upon him and hope to do an essay in odd moments during the winter.

Love and much joy at the prospect of seeing you soon. By the bye, I wore the coat up to Yorktown and found it wonderfully snug. It makes riding a real pleasure.

Yours with much love,
Fred

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All good poetry was a joy and Fred read it magnificently. He cited as one of his few crimes his lecturing before a Woman's Club on "William Henry Drummond." Yet who could fail to condone, or want to forget, his rendering of the little French Canadian ballads of that delightful minor poet? "I smoke everything that burns," was his usual explanation of his taste in tobacco. A delightful mode of thanks for a gift of cigars is the following. These little verses of Kipling he loved to repeat, rolling them delightedly on his tongue even to the last line:

"A woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke."

*Sent to R. W. Harbison with many thanks*

"Which is the better portion—bondage bought with a ring,
Or a harem of dusky beauties, fifty tied in a string.
Counsellors cunning and silent—comforters true and tried,
With never a one of the fifty to sneer at a rival bride.

Thought in the early morning, solace in time of woes,
Peace in the hush of the twilight, balm ere my eyelids close.
This will the fifty give me, asking nought in return,
With only a Suttee's passion—to do their duty and burn.

This will the fifty give me. When they are spent and dead,
Five times other fifties shall be my servants instead.
The furrows of far-off Java, the isles of the Spanish main,
When they hear that my harem is empty will send me my brides again."

Yours,
Fred

My wife says this is a hint—I say no, for the plentiful supply sent will last a long time. They arrived in perfect condition.

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October 15, 1923

My dear Girl:

Just a line in case you do not come on this week.

X-ray on Friday, so I have been enormously quiet for the last day or two. I stand it better every time now, but it does make me feel queerly for a day or two. The car is a great boon for we can get some real fresh air with no labor. This weather is really wonderful. I can only hope that it will keep up for a while, and with the fur coat I can defy chilliness of all sorts. It is a great comfort for I am *sure* I am warm. It is quite impervious to the cold draft which goes down the back of one's neck in an open car. I have never been so comfortable.

The radio has been lots of fun. Every afternoon I have pulled the comfortable chaise longue up to the machine, stretched it back till I have been in a flat recline, and have thus, as the French say, assisted at the World's Series baseball games. It will also bring me all the big football games this fall.

My love to you all,

Yours,

Fred

The chair is wonderful. I spend *all* my hours in the house in it. It's really more comfortable than bed.

October 21, 1923

My dearest Sister:

The weather is beautiful and I feel very well today. It is so nice that Tildy and I are going to get Fritz in the car and spin a few miles up the river for lunch and toast a while in the beauteous sunshine.

X-rays are off for ten days now. They are exceedingly careful of this high-tension treatment. Dr. Wood said he would allow me this vacation of ten days on consideration I get plenty of fresh air and abundance of good food: he is lots of fun and a good sport. They use radium in the same place: a boy right next to me was taking it on Friday. I had a fine long talk with him. He says that radium and X-rays both have been seriously damaged by unwise exploitation by big companies as far as medical authorities—I mean administrative officers—are concerned, and that the really valuable uses of both have been thus prejudiced. He makes no extravagant claims himself, but feels that the results are solid and substantial provided the greatest care is exercised in treatment. He thinks indiscriminate use has been rather negative in general results because of failure to recognize the nature of such a powerful agent. You can see how careful he is with me. Two-hundred thousand volts is quite a current.

The chair arrived from Placid this morning. It is the cat's pajamas, sure enough. I am enjoying it immensely. Erd is very busy but finds time to drop in once a day if only for a few minutes. The girls are settled down; and when we get some domestic help, we shall be fairly fixed.

Your two Sunday letters are here. I don't know what I would do without you in these troubled times. It is very hard to be cut off from the big things that are going on and everything seems so complicated nowadays. I feel a tremendous comfort just knowing you are there and getting your beautiful messages. Advice is plentiful but *real help* comes my way from a very narrow circle. I have had a fine letter from Tichenor. Everyone apparently assumes this is just a leave of absence and no one talks of my cutting loose: they are all very appreciative and kindly.

Very best love to all. We were sorry not to have Friday eve with you, but, short of putting myself back, I felt it necessary to ease Tildy's burden as much as possible. The house in Yorktown is just about ready. Your

Fred

October 22, 1923

My dearest Sister:

The two days of rain apparently concluded the bad weather for three perfect days have ensued. I have been out in the air for the greater part of the time the last two days, trying to capture the sunshine while it lasts. Yesterday we took a short spin out on Long Island. I stretched out in the tonneau in my fur coat and thoroughly enjoyed the sun and the brisk breeze. Today is fine and bright, so I shall be out.

Your visit was a benediction in every way. I wish it were possible for us to have a time together whenever we wanted, but I suppose that would be too much joy for the proper discipline of humanity. I was very glad to see Burton again and I do hope things will pick up for his sake, too. He seems rather downhearted; and very naturally so, too.

Nora and Russell expect to be here for dinner tonight. Nora seemed quite cheerful over the phone, and I hope she is really on her feet. If Princeton does not pick up over last Saturday, I am afraid the Harvard game will be a kind of frost. I listened to the terrible disaster over the radio and shuddered with exquisite pain on my soft couch to hear the report. The reporter paid Frank Rutan many compliments during the course of the game. Apparently, he was the only man on the Princeton team who was getting through the line at all.

I hear very sketchy reports from Cleveland. I see the comedian, W. J. Bryan, has horned in where he had no business. Isn't it the limit? I wonder if our present church forms are actually going to break up. The advantage in starting over is that we should have no creeds, anyway; of course the disadvantages are obvious. If we could only be permitted to love and reverence the past without worshipping it.

There will be another of your visits to look forward to. I shall be in constant anticipation. I hope we shall be able to do together some of the simple things within my power. With my best love to you now as always.

Fred

411 W. 114th St., New York,
October 23, 1923

My dearest Sister:

I have been deluged with folders on the Mediterranean; and, believe me, they are interesting and delightful reading. There are very good layouts by every company. The Cook tour on the "Belgenland" leaves January 19; the Frank tour on the "Scythia," January 30; and the Raymond and Whitcomb on the "Reliance," February 9. They all cover pretty much the same ground. The "Belgenland" is probably the best ship, though there is nothing wrong with any of them.

The lure of that sea is very seductive, but a cold, clammy study of figures raises very grim doubts in my mind. The prices are fair enough at the minimum rate but the accommodations at that rate are rather few and pretty rocky. For approximately $1100 apiece, it is possible to secure a cabin on the bottom level—really, I think, located in the second cabin. Of course, for a direct ocean voyage, there is nothing wrong with the second cabin or the minimum accommodations. But I wonder whether for over two months it would be much use for a moderately sick man to journey under such conditions,—*with, I presume, the correspondingly cheaper hotel rooms*. Mrs. Tuttle, Mrs. Andrews' mother, has been on two of these tours and we are going to ask her experience on rates. From the folders I gather that the bulk of the trips are run so that the greater proportion of the people fall between $1700 and $2100 apiece. This seems to be what might be called the *general run*, and this leaves the de luxe above up to $6750 apiece, and the others (only a few rooms) down to $850 or thereabouts. I find that the trip advertising a minimum of $600 does *not* include many of the best side trips. There is a lot of flim-flam and jokers in some of the folders.

However, here is the basis for our consideration.

If it were possible to take this glorious trip—and nothing would stop me could I see my way clear—it would be immeasurably improved by having Marjorie along. Indeed,

Tildy fairly shrieked with joy at the mere prospect, it would mean so much to her to have Meg. Myself, I reciprocate, more than warmly, Meg's kind words. I would enjoy more than I can say two months of her company. Fact is—that such a trip with Meg added would indeed seem like a dream come true.

I have not seen Goodridge as yet, because I wanted to get the facts in hand first. I'll ask him anyway now.

Nora and Russell were here to dinner last night. N. seems very much better—bright and interesting and full of pep. Russ seems prosperous and in good health. We enjoyed them very much. They earnestly pressed an invitation to spend a day or two with them in Montclair, but I pleaded off. Such trips have no allurement for me. My strength is too short to run risks of any kind whatsoever.

I apparently have picked up some more weight and I am really steadily improving. Strength and digestion are good and the glands on the outside are nearly gone. The big one seems to have disappeared entirely. Yesterday X-ray—no bad effects; two weeks till the next one.

We send our dearest love to all. It will be good to see you again. I don't want to urge overly, but it does me much good to have you here—bucks me up a whole lot.

Best regards to Sam, Freddy, Mousie, and our future fellow-traveler.

Yours,
Fred

P.S. We shall try (Erd and I) to give Grandpa a good time on his trip to N. Y. Erd is sending him a letter of joint welcome to our city from us both. I'll be glad to see a little of Grandpa by himself.

October 27, 1923

My dearest Sister:

I had one letter from you ready for me to read in bed and another on hand when I arose ready to take a walk in the most beautiful day we have had yet.

My conscience, I fear, has hardened now—last summer revealed a very grave necessity and this fall has proved something else: that I can recuperate very rapidly when I play the game as directed and can drop just as quickly if I fail to take it seriously. So I shall stick to the proper régime just now. The world wagged before I came into it and it will be wagging when I go out of it—so it can do very well without me for a few weeks. In the meantime I am storing up invaluable material in my steady reading. I have been able to scour fields that I have longed for, yea, these many years. Each day is a real adventure when I have such a wealth of good books around me. The weather permits me to get out a great deal—though not enough to satisfy my wife. Yesterday we had a very long time on the campus, then I went over to watch the tennis for an hour. Today I have had a pleasant mooch about the streets enjoying the daylight.

I sent you Goodridge's opinion. It may be regarded as about right, I think. By the way, tell Meg that on any trip we *do* take her company will be more than welcome. Nassau, for example, she might enjoy as much as the Mediterranean; Cuba would certainly be as good fun as most of the foreign ports. We would enjoy having her with us.

I have had a long talk with Ed Jenkins over the Cleveland business and a telephone conversation with Dr. Mott as well as letters from Moore and Calhoun. They all seem to think that the work there marked a clear advance and that a very great danger was averted. All of the men—particularly Mott—spoke in the warmest terms of Fred Shipp's and Ralph's splendid stand. It is the common talk that if they and Lewis and a few others had not stood firm we should have had no progress at all. Mort Jones evidently covered himself with glory. I know he had the facts and it appears that he was perfectly able to stand the gaff. The pin point of the whole business is really the power now granted to the National Council to review *all* budgets. I am sure that the review of the state budget will bring out all inconsistencies very clearly and result finally in their eradication. It is too bad that no

general provision was made for financial support, for I think this will cause the very greatest difficulty in the near future. However, nothing need prevent a discussion of this point in the National Council. Certainly at last the principle of national control over state organizations is finally established. At the same time the so-called *power* of the International Committee is wiped out forever. The gain here is very considerable though I think the Association will discover that there are serious losses as well.

Dr. Mott called me up as soon as he returned to the city. This was very good of him in his press of business. He spoke very cordially and particularly of Ralph's splendid service at Cleveland—went out of his way to specify. In the midst of much politics, it was evidently a great comfort to have some one just clear enough to sit firm.

We are expecting to have a good time with Grandpa—I hope we can do something to keep him genuinely interested.

Best love to you all. I hope that the dog question may be solved to the satisfaction of one and all.

Yours,
Fred

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Fred loved nicknames and used them freely. They were picked out of the universe at random and usually fitted in some peculiar way.

"Mouse" is Hildegarde, his second daughter, "Fritzi" and "Dick" his baby girl, "Tildy" is, of course, Hilda, "Puss" her sister, "Orpheus" and "old dog" are Ralph's designations.

"Grandpa" is Jinx, our eldest son, "little brown Meg," Marjorie. One bachelor friend was "the cool of the evening," two intimates always "Fabius" and "the Robber Baron," and Dr. Richard Roberts and he called one another "Augustine" and "Pelagius." One friend who boasted four initials was addressed usually by all three Christian names!

October 30, 1923

My dearest Sister:

I shall take this opportunity when I have the way clear to drop you a few words. You know how busy we are when we have nothing in the world to do. The days mooch along and yet run to the end with appalling swiftness. I must say that apart from occasional fits of brief exasperation at being out of the game, they pass very quietly and very happily. The bodily relaxation has given me a chance to do a little mental sounding and rearranging. It is so hard when practical affairs crowd one all the time to get enough *consecutive* thought on any one subject not closely connected with the business in hand.

Our new radio is almost *collected* now and we have the assembling. Andrews lays it to his Armenian grandfather that he can purchase the parts at such a low price. We are getting them for less than a third by his expert shopping methods. I suppose that the machine may be finished by the time we leave for the South—you know how such things go. But it is a heap of fun putting the machine together.

While Tildy went to Yorktown on Sunday, I went over to the Jenkins' for dinner. It was a pleasant party—Jenkins, Mrs. Starks, Mouse and myself.

The Mouse had a physical examination yesterday. They gave her a *wind* test, she proved above the average—haha! Ten to one she wrecked the machine.

For the first time in many weeks I went to a movie for the *whole* show on Saturday. I do not believe I shall go again. The place was stuffy and the old films they showed hurt my eyes, so I shall not regard it as a thing worth while bothering about in the future. Football is much more to the point on Saturday and very pleasant to see—out in the open air.

Erd is buzzing around still, here and there. His work is proving a pretty heavy drain on him, I know; because the church is a long way from the Seminary—not as distances

go here but *absolute*. It's a half-hour down and another half-hour back. This takes a great deal of the day when he has an extra heavy schedule. He will pull along all right I am sure, but it will be good stiff work till the end.

It is necessary to be patient with all youth. Their high flights are sometimes just as hard to bear as their low flights. Youth is particularly liable to be unfair to youth.

——— is exerting a tremendous influence over him and in comparison he is coming to regard ——— as mechanical and barren. This is the revulsion from technique, but artists, musicians, writers, and religious leaders had better learn technique first as last. Sometimes it appears very dull.

Harry Fosdick and Florence are coming to dinner tonight. I am very fond of them both—she is a wonder.

There is left only to send you my dearest love. As I understand it, you will be here Wednesday morning, the 7th. Hooray and again I say hooray.

Yours with love to all,
Fred

P.S.—Tell Fizzy that there is nothing his Uncle Freddy likes better than to watch the trains go by, to ride in them, and to study their workings.

Monday, October, 1923

My dearest Sister:

A line or two anyway. I have been immersed in a terrible detective story called "A Murder on the Links." It has swept time into the limbo. The case was so fearfully complex that I have been in a most excited state—there were so many possible murderers that I began to be afraid that some one outside the book had committed the fearful crime. Finally, however, the one least suspected was tracked down by the relentless sleuth, and I was at last able to take up my pen. Better read that book; it's a marvel.

I received a note this week via Lawrenceville. Quite all right, of course, but the most direct route is right through Phila. to N. Y. on P. R. R. Grandpa forwarded promptly so it was all O. K.

Will have the band ready next week—hooray!

Yours,

Fred

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Erdman, the dearest of little Benjamins, left alone with Mother and Father after all the rest of us had left home, always began his letters: "I am well and so is Mother." It became a family formula, and could be used with good effect to announce one's birth!

Wednesday, November, 1923

My dearest Sister:

You will have to excuse the machine as my arm keeps rather stiff since I gave it a twist and I find that I cannot hold a pen long.

I have been rather slack mentally since you were here, but the chords are tightening up again. There are a few reviews to do for our own paper and some editorials which do not take much energy; they serve, however, to keep me amused in things outside myself, which is all to the good. Naturally, at times I feel very keenly my failure to acquire any real strength, though I ought to be glad that I am not actually suffering as I might well be with many maladies.

Erd showed up a little sinus trouble yesterday. He is working very hard and is not getting the best food at all times, I fear. On this particular subject, breaking away from my hard custom, I shall not hesitate to give him advice. There is nothing of which I am more sure in life than that a bad physical condition does not conduce to forwarding the Kingdom of God save in the case of a very few high-grade saints. He must not wear out the strength he has in hand this early in the game. Also, I do think that a little time for brooding

rather than continuous activity may be good for the soul. This I shall offer as a suggestion, however; I am not so sure as I am on the health question.

There is little more to be recounted at the present time save to report that "I am well and so is mother." The days slide by as usual in reading, resting, and much conversation of one kind and another. There is as yet no dearth of companionship of all kinds and the radio furnishes me with very constant recreation. This last means less reading and a little manual labor to keep up the balance of the nervous system. They are calling me a radio bug just now. But you know my habits. When a thing interests me for the time being it stays in the very center of consciousness. I do not see how anything can be accomplished in life otherwise.

Take care of yourself and the old dog. I hope he and I can play together a while this winter. To complete the splendoriferous time you and I had, it will only be necessary for me to have the old dog to myself for a brief period.

Yours with all love,

Fred

---

"Sunny" is Dr. Harrison S. Elliott, the truest of friends.

Wednesday

My dearest Sister:

The days are settling down to a somewhat uneventful evenness. This splendid weather makes the out-of-doors a great joy. Our domestic problem is ironing itself out gradually, I believe. The faithful William Chestnut (colored, of course) and his wife have solved part of our problem and a domestic science girl may solve the rest; we shall try her anyway. This week, Hilda, Fritz, and I are taking our lunch at a very good little place close to us, where we get excellent food. This serves well till we get the other arrangement in force. Hilda is very tired after getting things fixed at Yorktown and I shall be glad when she can get the extra rest she needs so much. These have been very hard days for her and

I shall be more than glad if we can only get her away for a while. She has had a long, hard pull of it.

Sunny was in last night and we had a fine long talk. He has made himself a splendid place at Union but his course of life is not without its real and somewhat sharp difficulties. The seminary tradition (in all seminaries) is a queer one. It requires great patience to keep calm in it. The administration is such a wonderful mixture of modernity and medievalism and professors are odd folk. For example, in a great seminary like Union, no proper provision, I should rather say, no provision, is made for the immense clerical work connected with a department like that of Religious Education. The International Committee would regard it grossly uneconomical to permit a junior secretary to do some of the things that a full professor is expected to do. There is no conscious policy: just a failure ever to have realized that it is foolish to let a man you are paying $7500 a year to teach write his own letters and keep class records. There is a welcome change in store due to the resignation of the old treasurer.

The girls are well and very busy. I am feeling more comfortable, though still deplorably weak. I know, though, that time will cure so I am taking everything very cautiously.

Best love to you all.

Yours,
Fred

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When the first crisis was over, Hilda was sent to Toronto for rest and refreshment. I had the great privilege of being almost alone with Fred for ten days. Even a New York apartment can be a very quiet, detached place and, Fred being comfortable then and realizing some real progress, we had a "heavenly" time together.

Were these letters not "privately printed" the following could not be included. Yet a part of Fred's heritage to our children is surely his gracious affection. Normal human relations can be so rich a part of life.

Flowers always greeted my arrival in New York, and jovial telephone calls from "Theodore Roosevelt" and "Abraham Lincoln." A friend who was with us once was delighted beyond measure to receive violets and "The Freedom of the City from Mayor Hylan."

Saturday

My dearest Sister:

My family arrived safely this morning and seem in splendid spirits—bringing with them all the Toronto twaddle and some from Montreal.

If your husband says I am just showing my appreciation when I say your visit is a most heartening and beautiful memory, I shall wring his neck. What a truly glorious time we did have! Never before—note my exact language—never before in my life have we had such a real chance to come close to each other and live into each other's lives in those parts which, after all, are yours and mine and no one else's. Our separate copartners will not grudge the "secret oubliette." For me it will remain always that one chamber is swept and garnished only for you.

> Its gates are trepidant to your nod;
> By you its floors are trod—

if I may slightly change the words of the great poet. I never realized it so much as I did this time.

I would only wish you were here while we are threshing out these serious intellectual problems for your help would be invaluable. They do matter, and I suppose a day is coming when we shall all be called upon to come out pretty clearly. I pray God that before that day you and I may have many chances to carry on our discussions begun here, for we seem to see eye to eye and must stand shoulder to shoulder.

My dearest love goes out to you tonight; it was hard to let you go.

Yours always,

Fred

December 15, 1923

My dearest Sister:

We heard Studdert Kennedy, the famous "Woodbine Willie" of the British Army, at dinner the other night. He is very wonderful; do not miss him if he comes to Pittsburgh. It was a fine dinner. We went as guests of Major and Mrs. Landon.

I shall try Harry Fosdick for you at Sewickley if you wish. I presume it could be kept a Sewickley affair. He is very anxious not to get mixed up in wrangles and we must not get him into meetings where he would be subject at this time to somebody's running in and asking questions that might start an unpleasant argument. I know what he would like best would be to come to a prayer meeting where the *real church people* were out and he would give you a wonderful evening. If you do want me to see him let me have some details.

I took Helen, Hildegarde, and little Mary Starks to the movies today. It was "Under the Red Robe." It is an excellent picture. Mary Starks is absolutely fascinating, very much like her mother though more regular in feature. I had a delightful time with the bunch.

It will be fine to see you some time soon in Sewickley. I told Ralph how I should like to run out when I can. I should prefer it when Grandpa is there, but it seems to me that crowds things terribly.

Best love to Sammy, the modern Shylock Fizzy, Meg, and Bella, to yourselves also. I shall have to teach the old dog how to loaf, I fear.

Yours,
Fred

Saturday, December, 1923

My beloved Sister:

A line or two this morning.

First, I am much better. Had an hour's ride in the air yesterday and, at last, an appetite. Slept *well* last night and feel spry today. Have arisen at noon.

Second, the Insurance Company, without any cavil, has accepted the doctors' statements on my case and paid the back insurance since July 1. You need not have the slightest concern for my finances at present. I had builded even better than I knew and receive maximum disability payment—$500 (!) per month. It seems like a fairy tale; at the same time I am now congratulating myself for the taking out of adequate insurance when I did. Also, Johnston did *not* let my old policies lapse. So with all the monthly payments, I have a full insurance still in force *on which I pay no premiums during disability*. I can see here funds to get myself well and to absorb some of my obligations. Also, in the unhoped-for event of a long period of disability, this income is assured. My experience makes me very positive about this type of protection. I shall urge it upon every young man I know. I am sure you will realize how this will help me.

My friends are still very kind to me. The Jenkins, Mrs. Starks, the Squires, Higgins, etc., etc., come regularly; and the Andrews are a great comfort. Andrews wears well: he is infinitely soothing to a sick man. I am expecting Erd at luncheon. Sunny was in last night. I read of Erdman(n) Harris in *The Times*. Tichenor came to see me the other day—very glad to see him, though I was pretty miserable that day.

Love to one and all,

Yours,
Fred

Saturday

Beloved Madame:

You couldn't possibly have been as crusty as I was when I wrote you: I plead guilty, however, to only one of three indictments—to the others emphatically not.

Positively never even thought of you as Pollyannaing—whatever put such an idea into your head? Quite the reverse: I think you sized up the real seriousness before I did. Had in mind some jaunty New Yorkers, who kept rubbing in how well I looked. I am sure at all times you would compre-

hend, as far as I am concerned, the real nature of the situation.

A brisker turn in the weather has blown away the rain and crisp sunshine is again on the face of the earth. It managed to rain only half a day but the weather has been very warm. I have had a couple of short walks and enjoyed them. Erd came to dinner last evening. He seems still happy and bustling with his many affairs on hand of various kinds. Sam Shoemaker he brought in one night, whom I was very much delighted to see.

I've sworn off E. Phillips Oppenheim. His last books are pitiful. Can't stomach any more. "The Rover" I did enjoy, though not, in my opinion, as good as "Victory" or "Lord Jim." Maurice Baring's "Puppet Show of Memory," "Life of W. S. Gilbert," and St. Loe Strachey's "Adventure of Living" are all interesting. I'm loaded for bear now with a big package of stuff from Doran's.

As far as I see now, Alice Guthrie may be here about January 28, though she may be delayed a few days. We want to get right away, then. Wouldn't that just about fit in with your present arrangements? I don't think it makes any difference where we stay in Atlantic City. I think Hilda would just as soon have a change. I'll drop a line to the hotel and when I hear definitely from you we can clinch it. I do not suppose, failing a Convention, that that is a busy time. We'll have the band ready for you at the P. R. R. station. I'll be very eager to see you. If you and Orpheus can make a good long stay at Atlantic City we ought to be able to have a real A1 time down there.

My dearest love to you, one and all. Fred

Monday, January, 1924

My dearest Sister:

Your letter this afternoon was very welcome. I am glad you will be here in a little while though very sorry for the necessity that brings you. Let us hope and pray that the little chap will get along splendidly.

I suppose that my letters have sounded weary—and indeed I have been weary. But time will correct that in due course, I am sure. In the meantime each day brings something more of comfort. You may rest assured that I am not unduly worrying over the future. I realize clearly that such a process is the best way to ruin that future, so I am actually living from day to day. But I am no saint and many of these days have been damned painful; one bears them as they come with as bold a spirit as possible, but not always I fear in that delightful mood of the Keswickers in our youth who thanked God when a beautiful dish was broken. I can conceive of my kind of God saying: "It's tough, old man, but you have got to bear your pain—and I've got to bear mine. I'll help you all I can, but the burden must be carried for the time."

Erd breezed in on Saturday and we had a good long crack over Indianapolis. I was glad to hear all he had to say. I'm happy to see these youngsters taking hold; you see Mott and Speer were only about their age when they began to swing big movements.

You know how I hate to be fussed with. 's all well meant; but, Lord, how I love to manage my own affairs when I'm sick. I do like to go, but I like to go at my own good pleasure and cannot bear to make engagements that I feel bound to keep.

Thus, having blown up prettily I feel better—much!

The correspondence I have had recently with my tenant at Yorktown is a scream—capped by another in the mail today. Could I wait for the rent for a while so she would not have to "sell stock"? If I can wait a few more days, she won't have to "sell stock." If she had known the delay was to be so long, she would have "sold stock" and said nothing about it. I finally wrote and said that, after a couple of extensions of time, I thought that the rent ought to be paid "provided it did not involve too much sacrifice of stock." Then a letter today saying she had, in view of my letter, no other course but to order "my broker to sell stock." The

total correspondence would make a chapter of Dickens. I have wanted to ask her why she did not borrow a little money to pay bills rather than "sell stock," but I didn't dare. I wonder why people don't realize that somebody else has to "sell stock" if they don't pay their bills.

Ah, well, my best love to you, one and all. Take care of yourselves. We shall look for you in the flesh soon.

Yours,
Fred

Thursday, January, 1924

My dearest Sister:

Weather cold and clear again with buckets of sunshine. Thanks to the fur coat, I have been able to get out for pleasant little walks about the place and am feeling chippier every day. I shall be making ground again rapidly.

The days go by as smoothly as silk but very, very swiftly. I can hardly believe that we are half way through January. The breakfast in bed, morning paper, late arising, a few letters before lunch, then a sleep after lunch, with a little reading, then dinner and visitors make a day go like the very wind.

Took Tildy out to supper on Sunday evening and dropped into the Jenkins' on the way home. Mrs. Beals of Lake Placid was there, says she knows you and Ralph. Had a very pleasant visit. Erd breezed in last evening. Today he speaks at luncheon on "My Last Visit to Cairo." He feels busier than ever just now.

Have just read "Life of W. S. Gilbert," and am now digging into Tut-ankh-amen's tomb with Howard Carter. We have just had the memorable thrill of having discovered the sealed door after six years of fruitless digging in the earth. It was hard work, I can tell you. I've groaned for every shovelful of earth removed from the Valley of the Tombs of the Kings. Tildy is reading a novel called "The Damascus Gate" by D. T. Raymond. The result is amazing: she has let her chin right out and giggles away at page after page

(insists on reading out funny bits when I am trying to get old Tut's steps uncovered, too), an unheard-of happening. I've got to read the book to find out what's the big idea.

I shall have to pacify my first wife over the Marlborough-Blenheim. She is not enthusiastic over it for reasons which will be appreciated by other women. Ah, well, we shall have to see.

It will be fine to see you again. It has been a very long time since you were here, you know—much too long. I do hope I'll be able to get about a bit by the time you get here. Then Atantic City is a wonderful place for a visit. I hope you are all well and hearty, as I surmise you are with the exception of little Fizzy. Give him my best.

With very best love, in the expectation of seeing you soon.

Yours,
Fred

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"Mac" is MacGregor MacTavish the older and smaller, but most important, Harbison pup. A Napoleon in size and aggressiveness, he was yet but a rabbit in some respects of courage.

But as I write, the march of progress has overwhelmed "Mac" as it did the other Little Corporal. Usually he had disliked the church, which swallowed up his loved ones, and returned home when he sensed their destination. But lately he has been lonely for the children who made his summer so radiant, and evidently chose the House of God in preference to his desolate home.

At the very door of the sanctuary a "hit and run" driver was too quick for love grown old and feeble.

A thousand paternosters could not avail, but Ralph was at hand to soothe and comfort for a few brief moments.

Some day some one may care to write of "Mac and his friends—and some enemies."

411 W. 114th St., N. Y. City
January 26, 1924

My dearest Sister:

A crowd of visitors this week and the girls at their lessons have shoved me away from my desk.

Mac's indisposition fills me with alarm. Even a dog has a personality—one might get another but it wouldn't be Mac—he is eternally an individual, imperial and alone. I will say ten paternosters for his recovery.

It's the devil's own job fitting Carrington in much beforehand but we'll do the best we can. You certainly ought not to miss "St. Joan," though it is another stiff one as regards time.

I hope we shall get a "spell o' weather" now, so all our plans will go big.

Yours,
Fred

Wednesday, January, 1924

My dearest Sister:

I had a fine time at Atlantic City. Edward had to return on Saturday, but Bess and Mrs. Starks were good enough to change their plans and remain over till Monday afternoon. The weather was super-beautiful—everything O. K., and I returned much refreshed. I have been remiss in writing you, but when I returned I found a mountain of mail here, and it is very hard to get it off. I am not going to try again: I am going to have a stenographer (my old one is at Columbia and can help me out) for I do not see that anything is gained by spending all that time at a desk. Far better be writing to you. Forgive me when I am irregular in correspondence. You know how I do everything in spurts.

So Lawrence Woods took Bess for my nurse. Well, she is a good one, I'll say. I was glad to see Mary Louise again. She is a nice snappy little piece and very bright.

There is a lot of good stuff before me. First, the record of your multifarious social activities. I should say that you are

going the pace. You have one daughter; I have three. Do I see looming before me the shades of a whole lot of 4 A.M.'s? I'm sure Mother will kick at keeping these vigils alone! S'pose I'm in for it.

Grandpa's letter was most interesting. The practicality of calm wisdom in presenting things to a thoughtful boy is fully justified. Grandpa ought not to let anything interfere with writing letters—particularly to his father, because he'll write his mother anyway—because they form an emotional outlet, particularly for one who expresses himself more easily with his pen than verbally.

I have read your little paper for the club with great interest. Concreteness is the spice of life always.

I've been having a lot of fun with the radio. We are building two and it gives me an interesting relief from reading, writing, etc.

My very best love to you. I am just reading Swinnerton's "Stevenson." There is criticism, pure and simple—lucid as the day, scientific, careful, broad and incisive. I admire every line of the book, but there is one lack that seems to me absolutely disconcerting: I do not believe that anyone reading the book would ever have any incentive to read Stevenson. There is more time spent over *one* structure—and the points are well taken—than over the whole appreciation. It seems to me that while Stevenson does deserve more severe criticism than he has had, yet any author who has given so many readers so much pleasure really deserves a little more time spent in appreciation. Swinnerton's "sense" of literature is almost faultless, though; and his remarks on the difference between "imagination" and "invention" are perfect.

My best love to all and special thanks to Fizzy for his thankfulness.

Yours,
Fred

"Father" was at home nursing a cold. Mac ate rat poison on Sunday morning. Sunday was quite evidently Mac's fatal day.

Alice Guthrie, the beloved nurse who was called in through all the years whenever emergency arose, shared also the last vigil in Geneva.

February 27, 1924

My dearest Sister:

Your long letter came yesterday and was very welcome indeed. I was glad to get the news.

For your high-school girls I should like to recommend Bruce Curry's book. It is a life of Christ and a book study of Mark all in one, and is ideal for your purpose where you propose to depart from the book. It keeps the basic things before the student, while you yourself can career in the white clouds.

I rejoice in the recovery of Mac. As for dogs and rat poison, I'd rather have three dogs die than that Father should be kept around by indisposition. It is indeed most gratifying to know that Ralph's upset was the cause of saving the dog's life, but I trust he will not carry unselfishness too far. First thing you know, I shall be running in front of an automobile to save some alley cat—I will not!

For myself, I did have an unpleasant few days but am all O.K. again. I have had some fine walks lately. Erd is none too well. He has been over here the last two afternoons sleeping. He is going to ease up a bit. I am trying to prevent his "burning himself up in the cause." I beseech him to reserve this activity till he is over sixty five: then it won't matter so much whether he does it or no. He is seeing the light.

The family seems well. Alice is here until tomorrow and we are very sorry to see her go. She is a great comfort and I shall miss her, too.

Give my love to one and all and take much for yourself.

Yours,

Fred

March 2, 1924

My dearest Sister:

Your last with the chatty enclosure of Mary's brought me a budget of news. I have nothing much to offer in exchange. Things are going ahead here in just about the same speed as usual. I had a pleasant day downtown this week, the first I have had, I think, since the early fall. It wasvery pleasant to mooch about and see my friends.

The new blood-tests and X-rays made this week are most encouraging. These are the new pictures, which show the clearing up of the chest conditions in splendid shape. Blood much improved, weight holding up nicely, good sleep, and the complete disappearance of even a trace of the exterior glands. Dr. Goodridge has, however, recommended no office work until September. In the meantime he is particularly desirous that I shall try my wings now from time to time in order to discover what habits of work and life are going to be necessary as I begin to pull together. My day around town was a first essay, it proves how much more strength I have now.

Alice Guthrie is still here and we are having a very nice time. The girls are all well and Tildy is in fairly good shape. She and Alice have been getting out to some shows and fussing around downtown.

Friday I am lunching with two or three people invited by Doran at a farewell to Frank Swinnerton. The interest of the occasion depends much upon the crowd—I do not know who the others are. I suppose Robert Chambers and Bob Davis, etc., etc.

I'll bet B.'s escapade was a lively time. It is always most amusing to see how people hop up at a hint of infection. When it happens up in the country we usually have a really lively time, because superstition is added to other elements involved. The funny thing to me is that usually the fussiest in some regards are the most careless in others. We used to laugh at the dairymen who kept their cow barns carefully swept all the time but milked their cows into open pails.

Cousin Mary's account is surely filled with splendid local color.

Erd seems better. He is laying out a course for himself that will give him more rest and sleep. The chief trouble is that he has no chance to catch up with all this work over the week-end. He gets stale, I think, largely because of the appropriation of Saturday afternoons and Sundays entirely. The time of relaxation must be passed by him in work and he has not the other relief to make up: Saturday particularly is the *psychological* easement day—to lose it every week means something.

My love to one and all. I trust that the canines are on the top of the heap. I dread Ralph having to sit up with them.

Yours,
Fred

March 7, 1924

My dearest Sister:

Your letter came this morning. As the whole tribe of females has vanished to school and downtown this morning, this would seem like an ideal time to drop you a line or two.

Poor ———! after all, he didn't have much to go on. This is always a strange experience to me—this dropping off of people. There is a rather pathetic passage in Goldwin Smith where he discovers that he is the last living survivor of the famous Manchester School. Every year seems to bring the loss of some one of that old circle, which has seemed so far away to me anyway.

My reading has been very serious lately—only Disraeli and Cromer's "Egypt": the Disraeli line keeps an interesting purpose before me all the time; and, of course, the ramifications are infinite. You need a paragraph on the situation of the Jews in England (1800–1825). This means reading a volume on the question. British imperialism raises some other game—Cromer, for instance. I do hope before I finish the

book to be able to get to England for a few weeks. I'd like to refresh my memory on the old scenes. In the meantime, whether the project ever wears off or not, it is furnishing me with a very pleasant recreation gathering the material. Guedalla's "Lord Palmerton" will be out soon. This ought to help immensely.

I noticed Captain Brown's article and remembered who he was—Agathe Brown's father. Edna St. Vincent Millay is quite the vogue now. We have been reading her poems aloud now. There is a great deal of fine stuff. "She Is Overheard Singing" might have been done by Browning. It is a great relief to find a modern poet who will write something beside free verse. Her ear is absolutely faultless and she appreciates poetic melody fully. Her sonnets certainly show that she has mechanical ability to match the things she has to say—which things are worth while saying. Seems to me she really *conceives* poetically, surely the real poetic quality. Francis Thompson had it to the extreme. Tennyson slipped up on it several times in spite of his comprehensive genius. "The Harp Weaver" is really a work of high quality. Everyone who reads really hopes for great things from Edna St. Vincent Millay. Her name is lucky, too—no one forgets it.

I haven't seen the psycho-analysis of Jesus. I fear the materials are too meager. Previous attempts have been markedly unsuccessful. Those negative results that credit Him with being a neurotic and homosexual, etc., etc., build up quite a case until you recollect that it is all conjecture. It is the custom of most sound psycho-analysts to ask to see their patients every day for a period of two or three weeks. Thus they learn about 1,000 times as much about them as we actually know about Jesus.

. . . There is no one in the world for whom I feel more real sympathy. Such maladies are so very distressing. I hope she will keep on trying everything till she finds some one who will bring her back to health. Of course, my own method in such a case would have been quite different. I may be mis-

taken, but I do not think that Goodridge would ever give me up. I do not for a moment think he is possessor of any magic or better than his confrères in skill. But he is eternally searching out the possibilities of other men and different treatments, keeping his own hand on things all the while. His personal suggestions have been invaluable and he has always kept before me the very comforting idea that if present treatment fails he has other reserves to call in. In the meantime, it is he who is carefully estimating the value of the treatment in which he has no direct professional interest. It may be that he makes mistakes; but if he does they are made in concert with the best specialists in each case. Of course, I have been lucky—he frankly says so and takes very little credit for my progress. The X-ray took hold with me in a way that it would with only one out of a hundred cases. Dr. Imboden is almost loath to believe his X-ray pictures. For the rest, there is evidently some physical reserve in me that comes up to the top in spite of all my careless method of living. Wood and Goodridge have both insisted on the formation of new habits of life.

The kids are blooming, Tildy not so well as I could wish, and Erd fair—he is bothered by many things but is better than he was. I am trying to explain to him what it means to accumulate a physical handicap early in life.

My dearest love to you and yours, one and all.

Fred

March 10, 1924

My dearest Sister:

The Friday performance went off well. The Swinnerton luncheon was a great success. Swinnerton himself was very interesting and a very charming man. The crowd was also fine—Irwin Cobb, Ray Long, Messmore Kendall—or Kendall Messmore, Colonel Lamont of Pierpont Morgan's, Cunliffe of the Columbia School of Journalism, Bob Davis, editor of *Munsey's*, Stan Rinehart, etc., etc., plenty of good conversation.

The jazz concert at Aeolian Hall was the next move after luncheon. Erd has probably given you the expert dope on this. Then to Sherman Hoyt's for tea, ending up at Squire's for dinner, but home and in bed by nine,—a lively day. I feel much stronger for such things and was not tired at all. However, I lay quiet in bed Saturday just to take no chances.

Yesterday afternoon we had a drive with the Starks-Jenkins combination, Mrs. Starks's seventy-fourth birthday! Today I have been quiet after our very pleasant party last night. Nora, Alice, Dorothy, Colonel Weems—a very pleasant group. The Colonel has a proposal to go to Nassau for a week. It is too expensive—especially as the crowd is all from J. P. Morgan's and I'd hate to pay for even one round of drinks with that bunch.

I really am feeling as if my feet are under me at last; and I am, therefore, redoubling precautions. Since I feel extra chipper when I get up, I am staying in bed till 12:30 so that I shall not run over my strength.

My best love to you all.

Yours,
Fred

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Erdman and Harriette were married in May, 1925, and went to Egypt in September, where Erdman was a teacher for three years in the American University in Cairo.

December 16, 1925

My dear Bill:

I hope this will reach you before Christmas and carry our season's greeting to you and Harriette. We are all pretty well here at the moment. Last night Helen, Mico, Carrington, Weems, and I went to see "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"—Ina Claire in a smart and funny comedy—and Helen will be up here for a few minutes before she goes on to Princeton to the Triangle Club. Tildy has a touch of la grippe, but seems better this morning.

The titles of your suggested articles are very interesting. In case you did not keep a list I will re-copy the titles:

1. Why Moslems Do Not Become Christians.
2. What Moslems Miss in the Character of Jesus.
3. The Fundamentalism of Islam.
4. The Relation of Boys and Girls in Egypt.
5. What the Moslem Boy Thinks of His Body.
6. The Moslem Boy's Use of Leisure.
7. The Song-Leader and the Moslem Boy.
8. The Contribution of Behaviorism.
9. The Modern Approach to the Problem of Sin.
10. The Discussion Method as an Aid to the Education of Boys for Social Reform.

The last three titles are of course within immediate range, though the medium that would use such material is not so clear at the moment. Behaviorism is again under discussion due to the publication of Watson's new books, and there has been a rebirth of the notion that it is synonymous with "atheism." So perhaps "Religious Education" or something of that kind would welcome the idea.

In the earlier group 5, 6, 7, seem to be things that might be used if done in light enough fashion. Too much technical terminology would ruin them. No. 7 might make a good intercollegian article and No. 6 *with pictures* might be very useful for Association men. Naturally the first four titles are very intriguing to me. I should very much like to see your ideas on these themes. With the exception of No. 2, however, I think it would be a mistake to publish without a longer experience in Egypt. You would have to make so many apologies for your lack of *personal* knowledge that it would take the edge off the articles. Of course, if you wait too long and accumulate responsibilities that have to be guarded you will never write them at all. There is a golden mean. I should like to see the six points under No. 1. Send me an outline.

As regards the last point, I am a poor hand at advice—particularly over 5,000 miles of ocean. I wonder, however, if it would not be a good thing for you to consider to watch

pretty carefully, for a while, the accumulation of responsibilities. Let me be specific: if you play too active a part in getting men out to Cairo, in representing the university here or in Egypt, in promoting funds, lines of contact, etc., etc., you may find that it ties your hands terribly in dealing with the kind of subject mentioned in your dispatch. It is very difficult once you have been shoved into any representative position in an institution to speak your mind clearly with regard to that institution's deeper concerns—the purposes for which it exists. You may very soon come to regard these interests—those of the institution, I mean—as of greater importance than any individual contribution you could make. However, it always seem to me wise to make up one's mind beforehand, because it is almost impossible to be foot-loose in expression once one has become *deeply* identified with a cause. Even withdrawal means the charge of "sour grapes." If you determine to do your own work and keep your own counsel for a while, you will retain your freedom of choice. Now, I know *nothing* of your present situation; I am simply offering a piece of experience and observation. It is very difficult to withstand the charge of "traitor" *after* you are deeply committed and people have put their trust in you if you suddenly break out with *what the institution regards* as an exposé.

We are now becoming involved here in the direct question as to the advisability of a future combination of the Y. M. C. A. and the Y. W. C. A. with probably 150 Y. M. C. A.'s either doing work for women or actually engaged in joint enterprises with the Y. W.; the question is raised and raised squarely. Of course, the "harmonizers" seem to think it is all a long way off; but things are moving with extraordinary rapidity in the field. I am chairman of a committee on the theme and am struggling to get the question cleared up some before we have a sharp emotional conflict. The virgin leadership of the Y. W. is dead against it.

The Monday night Seminar at Union grows very interesting. There attend H. S. E., George Albert Coe, Wm. Adams

Brown, William Heard Kilpatrick, H. Hartsharne, G. B. Watson, George S. Eddy, E. C. Jenkins, A. J. Gregg, Rhoda McCulloch, Grace Loucks, T. H. P. Sailer, H. H. Horne, Chas. Fahs, etc. Our last few sessions have been on "With Whom or What Do We Commune?" Very hot stuff. Brown and Sunny have had some pitched battles but things are very sweet between them now, I think. It has done us all a great deal of good. We are trying hard to get Goodwin Watson on our National Council staff as research specialist. Jay Urico is now program executive of the Home Division and this work will relate to him. I believe it is a good job for Watson; I have tried to tell him all I know.

Well, s'long—Merry Christmas and all that bally rot. I have sent you as a Christmas gift Dorsey's "Why We Act Like Human Beings." Hope it gets to you. I sent it to the Union, with an inside label to you. Yours ever,

Fred

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We have always shared cartoons, poetry, jokes and interesting letters.

Harbison College—the family pet among educational institutions for colored boys—had need of new uniforms for its Band. They quoted prices for dark blue and red, but intimated that they would prefer their own college colors, purple and gold.

Jinx had just been elected to Cap and Gown, Fred's own Club in Princeton.

March 13, 1926

My dearest Sister:

The Harbison College correspondence is a scream. I could not help, of course, feeling the profoundest pity for the poor chaps. Here is this primitive race, whose forefathers danced in costumes of birds-of-paradise, brought down—by implication only, of course—to the conservative level of Western Pennsylvania Presbyterianism. Please ask Orpheus to remember how the H. A. C. ancestors pounded the long grass

in the glades of the jungle. Naturally, there is suggested to the ribald mind if these as decided upon are the "simpler" uniforms, what in Heaven's name had they really in mind in purple and gold? Tildy's remark was that the louder the uniform the better the band in this particular case: I surmise she is right. All things considered, Sam would be an ideal president for H. A. C. I doubt that Fizz would meet the requirements.

Tell Fizz that Uncle Freddy appreciates the compliment, but remind him that it is necessary for someone to keep up the family dignity. The girls are much delighted with his high opinions, as pleasing as they are unexpected. It must be a queer little household you have now, but I suppose you can turn on the tap of company in Sewickley any time you choose. I am sure Meg must be having a wonderful time—too wonderful to bother much about cablegrams.

I was wondering how the Club business came out. I am certainly glad to hear the good news. I was sure it would be so, but you can never be sure till you get to the finish. I suppose the parties on "boot-leg" do get rather snappy. As I remember it, our parties in my day were jovial and wet but the bland liquid did not result in anything more serious than splendid elevation. In any event, I am sure Grandpa is where he ought to be and the "great spirits of those who have gone before" in that illustrious company will welcome him as gentleman and scholar in a fitting manner. For such as he, club life will be interesting and profitable. He is not likely to overvalue it and will always be able to see the funny side of the business. I suppose the way to the leadership of the Triangle Club Orchestra is through composing—or one way, anyhow—so perhaps it will open up in what used to be called "the Lord's own good time."

Erd seems very naturally to be somewhat puzzled by the situation in Cairo—Islam generally. I'm sorry to hear about Sam Higginbottom, it seems a shame after all that he has done. The war will go on, however; we might as well make ready for it. There will be quite a conflict before it is realized

that men ought to be helped where they need help. Really if a person needs his back rubbed or an operation or psychiatric treatment or trade education or Greek, it is very presumptious of us to insist that he shall have something else, whether he wants it or not. If we were on the outside of Christianity, I wonder how Christian race-prejudice and Christian wars and Christian arrogance would look. The spectacle of the Coptic Churches there must be an appalling one for an intelligent Mohammedan. There is one up here at Union now, who tries to make the fellows believe that the new Mohammedans are trying to get rid of the negative elements in Mohammed's teaching, just as we are trying to clear ourselves of O. T. conceptions. Sometimes the ideal of Christ seems hopelessly remote from this round of life in which we are caught, and one feels as if anyone who has the idea of extricating himself should be our companion. The Bishop here has been blowing off again—on divorce this time. I do not pretend to be an expert on this problem, but it made my blood run cold to witness the self-righteous brutality of that ecclesiast in the face of such heart-rending difficulties. What is he—or any of his kind—really doing to help prevent these tragedies? You'd think at certain points he was discussing the affairs of monkeys.

I am sure you are right about the Y. M. C. A. If we could just grasp our opportunity, we could do a marvelous job. Our program is really very elastic and if we go ahead offering what men need as they need it, there ought to be no limit to the possibilities of service. I wonder if our evangelism was less aggressive it might not carry farther in the end. This is all theory, of course, because I never have yet seen any thoughtful secretary who was satisfied with this phase of his work or imagined that we knew how to do it. I have been trying to work things through with one of the New York branches at their request: they are puzzled; I am learning much. Skillfully to blend the whole together would be wonderful.

I have been reading "Three Kingdoms" over the week-end. That's a queer book, isn't it? but I'll say it's amusing

and interesting. The rough stuff is overdone rather unnecessarily but it certainly is funny. The Scotchman gave me a lot of laughs, as did the Lady Ford on her few expeditions into the book.

I'm beginning to drool, I fear. This letter has had to be finished in snatches.

Love, much love to all,
Yours,
Fred

December 17, 1926

My dear Sister:

I do not like to reveal the spirit of Christmas too early, but owing to the fact that I have had to have your Christmas gift sent straight from the atelier, I am writing you this note.

For many years Hilda and I have been deeply concerned at the acrobatics necessary to run the Western Electric's little speaking equipment from the lounge in your dressing room. We both realize that it requires a great deal of deftness to work with both hands, holding a telephone on your chest, with the receiver in your teeth, which I feel sure uses up a great deal of nervous energy.

We are therefore sending you for Christmas a Continental telephone which may be lightly held in one hand. Many other ladies are finding it a great comfort.

Wishing you the same,
Yours affectionately,
Fred

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Excellent advice to a fifteen-year-old school girl.

February 6, 1927

My dear Mousie:

I have read your stories with very much interest. I think you are getting your ideas clearer now, and the stories make better sense. I should have kept my tongue in my cheek to

the end of "The Reformation": I'll try to show you what I mean when I get back. I much prefer the stories of action to those of interior mood as far as you are concerned. I think it is better to hint the mood *by what happens* rather than to describe mental states, which is a hard thing to do. Conversation, also, helps some to show what is passing.

When you turn such stories in for publication as school work, however, you *must* work them over more carefully. Bad spelling and clumsy wording are not helped by dashing off two or three more tales. "The Reformation" can be worked over effectively, I am sure; but do not waste any more time on the other. It is vivid enough, but the characteristic features of a priest are his love of people and his desire to serve the poor, the sick, and the needy. The medieval churches were church, market, forum, and hospital all in one. There is no use in striking a palpably false note in a tale. The other works out very well and could be made very much better.

Keep on writing. But when you are going to turn in a story, work it over two or three times if necessary. Don't get mad and dash the thing aside and spin off another. Take three cracks at one instead of one crack at three.

My love to all.

Your loving

M'sieu

September 27, 1927

My dear Ralph:

I could not help but think a good deal about our conversation on the Buchman Movement. I have always been pretty scrupulous not to interfere in any way with what they are doing or to depreciate it in any public manner. What particularly got under my skin was the suggestion that you and Helen might somehow or other stand in the way of Grandpa's spiritual development. This trespassed so closely upon spiritual insolence that I confess to a certain feeling of annoyance ever since.

When we examine this whole matter of the supernatural closely, is it not true that they pretty much begged the whole question? If one reviews with care the course of the mystics of history, it is absolutely necessary to include the negative results of mysticism. A man like Napoleon has got to be included as well as St. John of the Cross. The mere fact that "orders" come by the mystical route has not in experience guaranteed that the fulfillment of such orders is for the good of humanity and the glory of God. Even in the Old Testament we find that people thought they received messages from God to do hideously cruel things.

When you come right down to it, is it not necessary to apply some other test to the whole business? When they indicate that Erd's work is good but not supernatural, they are not talking about methods and results, but about some supposed inner compulsion. Because he draws his guidance from the facts of God's universe and human experience, they dub his work natural in spite of its good results. I have been thinking of your own attitude and Helen's toward your own boys. As I see it, you have never practiced the policy of lying back and expecting a magic solution of your children's problems. You have both, as I see it, co-operated rationally to bring out the right solution. If this is "natural" then all I can say is that I wish more parents were natural. I wish I could be more successfully natural myself, and I believe that the reason you have your children's confidence is because you have been willing to co-operate rationally.

It seems to me mysticism is a beautiful thing when it comes as the reward of duty done. Rational achievement results in a real emotional uplift and it seems to me highly appropriate that an individual should then pour out his soul to the universe and to the God of the universe as much as he likes, but I frankly fail to see why mysticism is a bit more supernatural than rational conduct. Certainly we do not wish to deny either the value or the power of prayer, but conscientious parents like yourselves would think it insanity to fail to take account of the causes and effects in your chil-

dren's lives or to use every skillful means to bring them into the finest freedom which results from self-control.

Whatever values they achieve by their own means can only make us rejoice, but it seems to me a bitter thing to have them depreciate the work of a man like Erdman on such grounds as they do. Perhaps the whole lesson for us is more and more charity. In the meantime if anybody suggests to me the possibility of you and Helen having anything less than one hundred per cent interest in your children's best development, they shall hear something that will make them think for a little while anyway.

Affectionately yours,
Fred

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In the work of the Princeton Triangle Club, the boys always were assured the kindly and discriminating interest of the adored "Uncle Freddy."

December 24, 1927

My dearest Sister:

I have a chance to take my pen in hand at last, and now it is so bitterly cold that I am not sure that I can write legibly. I suppose you have the sharp turn, too: so we shall have a cold Christmas even if we don't have—let us say—a dirty gray Christmas.

We have been busily playing over the music of the show and enjoying it very much. I certainly an anxious to see it all again. I hope nothing will prevent our descending upon it in January. In thinking it all over, it seems to me to be quite the most nicely balanced of all the shows I have seen. Grandpa set himself a hard task, and I can easily see why they thought it would be a knockout or a flop. I am sure it is a knockout and they will be crazy about it on the road. The improvement in the music and the singing over previous efforts will be appreciated; and, if the boys don't get too tired, I should think that the musical numbers will steadily improve with the constant practice. The dancing is probably

the best for a long time, but I suppose I am somewhat less affected by this part of the program. Peasant dances I like tremendously and the mood of these is first rate for the collegians. We have such an inordinate amount of dancing here in every show we go to—even the movies—that the professional competition is probably subconsciously keener. Josephine will go down in history as the best actor the △ club ever had. I hope she keeps sober on the trip or there will certainly be a tumble for Napoleon. The cleanness of the book will be appreciated, I am sure, by all but those who do not take out their sexuality in casual quips on the stage. I believe even Jack Hibben would have enjoyed it. It is a sure instinct which includes standard jokes—isn't it amazing how they go over better than any of the original ones? I fear if I were running a show, I'd compass sea and land to find new wise-cracks and *nobody* would laugh a titter. I agree with you that the setting for Act II is better than for Act I, but Act I is pretty good; and I wonder if the pleasing contrast is not effective. Query! Would the scenery for Act II be so striking if the different type of Act I hadn't come before? The costumes are certainly wonderful and Sonia is really a knockout. I can admire her and still be glad that our boys, Sam and Jinx, do all their stuff in trousers. There must be chorines, of course, but I am relieved that we don't have them in the family. The Harris family is heterosexual, and I suspect that R. W. H. partakes of the same characteristic. I wonder if you felt that the modern orchestration plan of letting the songs kind of dribble out is a bit unfortunate. I notice it everywhere, of course. The jazz orchestras in the movie houses do it almost invariably, but in a coherent show I like to hear a piece end. I suspect Grandpa would regard this as terribly old-fashioned, but I can never forget the baronet's chorus in *Ruddigore*. The finish brings even the modern audience to its feet. Let us not fuss over a bald-headed man's retrospective, however.

The tribute to Grandpa in the *Alumni Weekly* was richly deserved. That is a hard job he has, and it is wonderful how

calmly he has faced it—an emotional triumph, I call it. . . . There is something in the so-called Holy Scriptures about "he that ruleth his own soul" or words to that effect. I wonder if it should not have added that "he that ruleth his own soul *captures* the city with ease." Grandpa will leave a tradition of unwavering steadiness behind him. I hope Sam may follow him up to the same job. It is all hard work but mighty good for the boys, I am sure. I shall await your word about the Pittsburgh performance. It should click tremendously in the home town.

The presents are to be handed out tonight. The Harry Fosdicks, parents and children, were here for dinner last evening. The girls go to *Escape* this afternoon. Mother, Fritz and I will probably take in some humble movie around the corner. Tomorrow afternoon we go out to Mary Andrews' in Scarsdale. Monday we take in *The Pirates of Penzance*, and Tuesday Helen is off to Montclair. So I presume we shall have a lively week-end. Our love and best wishes to all.

Yours with much love,

Fred

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Of the last six years, four were passed in comparative health. The doctors advocated no giving up of work, knowing probably that the progress of an organic disease was inevitable. In the spring of 1928, however, he seemed tired, and other arrangements were made. A few weeks later came the onslaught of the final attack which terminated after nine months of varying invalidism.

The task so near his heart was a "Life of John R. Mott." Much material was ready, and this was to have been one of the employments of the years free from executive responsibility.

A peculiar combination of experience fitted him for the work on the marriage problem—research under the direction of several psychiatrists in New York, and his own capacity for critical thinking, catholicity of interest, and deep and sympathetic "humanity."

Fragments of his book published in Europe and America had brought many letters seeking help in marital difficulty.

In Geneva he spoke constantly of this work.

"We have blundered on happiness in marriage. I would like to help the youngsters to go at it more intelligently. Their marriages will not be exactly like our grandparents', or even like ours, but the great principles are the same."

"A great marriage should not be considered as merely a help toward a life's work. It is an achievement in itself."

Let me add here a very characteristic response, again in Geneva.

We were telling him of our meeting on the ship with John B. Watson, he of Behaviorism fame. Dr. Watson had, in conversation, emphasized how very practical had been the working out of his theories on his own children. "We just say goodbye to them casually and are off to Europe—no emotion on either side." Fred's reply came back in a flash: "How does he know how his children feel? He doesn't even know what they think of it all. Under such treatment they might develop into the rankest of sentimentalists."

April 29, 1928

My dearest Sister:

I presume you have already received Tildy's letter—I have no idea what she wrote but she was so excited on Friday night after I laid the thing before her that I think she did not sleep for hours. I know that she realized (beside what such a plan would mean to her) that a steady and oft-expressed longing of my own would thus come to a fruition. It happens that people had spoken to her on both counts, and Mrs. Mott had been questioning with her how I was to find the time to do the job I had laid out. I have said to her many times how I longed to be free to take up these two matters at my own speed. Most research and writing of this kind has to be produced under such pressure that its best edge is taken off. One cannot *brood* over one's material.

Of course, you estimate as readily as, if not more readily than, anyone else on earth that health with me is nothing but avoidance of fatigue. Even with an upset, a few days of complete rest does the trick. It is pressure upon pressure which halts the progress. In facing the possibility of changing my work, I have not been able to see how I could gain any more freedom than I enjoy at present. A new business job would but mean a lot of intensive work at the beginning. Also, neither of us have been able to reconcile ourselves to any plan that would mean a complete throwing away of my whole years of labor, unless necessity demanded it. I know you have seen all this very clearly. Aware of the necessity of stopping somewhere or other, I have just not seen my way clear.

I talked with Wiley a little. He was kind enough to deplore anything that would remove me from the organization entirely, and seemed ready to make a counter-proposal, if necessary. He is not as a rule effusive, but his words were a real reward for some very trying years. I gather that he would be willing to make any arrangement that would keep me in a consulting capacity on the editorial side.

Naturally I also talked with Sunny. He is judicial, but could see only one side of this; he urged me to go ahead even if it meant a complete cutting loose from the Y.M.C.A. He thinks that some phases of the work I want to do can be better done by me than anyone else. I will leave the rest of his remarks for him to say himself some day. If I deserve half, I am happy.

For myself, I confess that I walked on air the rest of the day. To me it was like the heavens opening for a chance to do *what I want to do more than anything else in the world.* You will remember when you flabbergasted me with the question, I knew my answer; because I feel deeply I want to do J.R.M.'s biography and the research into *happiness* in marriage more than other jobs. This opportunity would give me the chance and the time. I cannot drive either myself or this work. Thus to be able to do what I want to do in the way I want to do it

and still take reasonable care of myself seems simply too good to be true. I would feel that such work was *more significant* than anything I am now doing.

I have never wanted to be laid on the shelf; I'd rather break and go out kicking, even if feebly. By this means I could kick without going out.

The plan in my mind is to get out of the business tangle during May and keep only the editorial relationship. For this summer, June 1 on, with the exception of our conference at Silver Bay, I would cut out all engagements even parceling out my editorial page to "guest conductors" for July and August. I hope I could easily finish my book in June to September but would not make even that an absolute requirement. Then I would lay out pretty systematically the ten year program keeping only the editorial supervision at 347. I feel I could work better without having to offer excuses by saying I was "on research" or "writing," and simply continue as editor. My official rank would be a help rather than a hindrance if it were there without the daily grind. Tildy reminds me of my obligation under the circumstances to make it clearly understood that if anything goes wrong again I am not to be asked to try to put it right. I felt that beyond the biography and this first little book which is well on the way I would undertake no literary obligations but write as I felt I had something to say. I hope I could count on you and Ralph to help me on the two big enterprises—God knows I'll need it. The plan would leave me free for a winter rest. If I had had that this year, I would not have had this annoying break. There is no date fixed for the Mott work; I estimate about three years would see the short biography done. By the end of ten, the material for the definitive work of the future would be pretty well in order. I have tried to figure this on the basis of working half-time on the job to allow full leeway. Editorial service for the Council would probably consume about three or four working days a month. As regards counseling, I would have no responsibilities.

I can conceive of no greater happiness for myself but I want to keep up standards. And oh, for the chance to do something *thoroughly* at last.

My love to all the boys and Meg and more than I can tell you from myself.

Fred

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THE following letter is incomplete without the enclosure—a *New York Times* Pictorial Supplement picture of Al Smith as a boy, with his father, his cousin and his uncle.

Characteristically Fred had voted for his classmate the Socialist candidate Norman Thomas. Four years before he was not so well known as in the campaign of 1928.

June 23, 1928

My dearest Sister:

The heavens opened heavily again last night after being half or more opened all week. Today is warm again but the sky remains painfully watery—when I want burning sun. We shall have plenty of it, of course, but I want some now.

I had a nice letter from Grandpa, which I much appreciated. I have read a dozen descriptions of the festivities and have yet to see the *Alumni Weekly*. I shall welcome the new batch of light papers this week. My weeklies have been coming from the office—*The Commonweal* (Catholic) and *The Christian Century*. Both are ably edited but O, aren't they serious? If a glint of real humor would sweep across their pages, it would be such a gorgeous relief.

I am enclosing a picture you may have seen. In these eugenic days, I thought perhaps you and Orpheus would surely vote under the guidance of hereditary possibilities. Fortunately the walrus moustache seems not to be transmissible through natural inheritance, and the bluff resolution of Smith père would be useful to Al in rebuffing King

George. The feet of course are disturbing. It is Uncle Pete who worries me, however. The congenital cut-down comic derby, the ventriloquist whiskers, and the open collar glorifying the American Adam's apple are really such that I should regret to see them in the White House. At first I thought the eccentric legs in the center both belonged to Uncle Pete. I see my mistake. I shall hope for the best. With every chance of Al getting in, these family characteristics assume national importance.

Yes, the rest of the birds are safely launched on a waiting world. The songs of these—do you say?—feathered minstrels have greatly diverted this idle old invalid. I should think that there were at least 2000 different varieties annoying my wife but delighting me at 6:30 this A.M. I could recognize at least two songs (!!!), cat-birds and one lone bob-white. The cedar waxwing I know to see but not to hear. I wonder if they are better this year or whether I have happened to notice them. Certainly there are red, gold, brown, black, yellow, and spotted ones in every combination. Bird-houses next year, sure!

I feel a bit better today but still so weak that I cannot get up any pep. It is very unlikely really that I can go to the wedding, but Tildy surely will. In some ways I have had a harder time than either of the other bouts and the saw-bones are much excited about fatigue. I shall not decide finally for a day or two. I am sure you and Meg will understand. The exertion and crowd is appalling just now when every nerve is like a raw spot. The girls leave here (N. Y.) 8:35 Thursday evening. I fear this train gets in early. I will wire you finally about them of course, and instruct them to go to the *Restaurant* if they miss your emissary by any chance.

My regards to the boys, Orpheus, Meg, et al. and much love for yourself. Be assured that I am climbing up, but just a bit slower than I like.

Yours,

Fred

June 30, 1928

My dearest Sister:

I am sorry you were unnecessarily alarmed yesterday. Things were uncertain for a while. Goodridge acted with his customary promptness and within an hour had a complete investigation under way. Well, I think that covers the recent developments of the great Harris case. The patient rested well last night, awoke to glorious sunshine, basked in it, ate his breakfast in it, and feels much restored. Doubtless—though I hate to admit it—the treatment accompanying the impertinent prying into one's interior regions probably helped in the end to increase the lightness of outlook upon the earth this morning.

We remain here till tomorrow afternoon. Then Tildy and I proceed into town. She goes on to Pittsburgh. Sunny comes to stay with me till the return of the Amazons and I get in my Monday treatment thus with ease.

Notice is served at 347. They insist upon a continuance of relationship, however slender, but are not quite clear as to the conditions. In a way it is fine for Assn. Press, because the Council has to face realities and realize that the Publication Department cannot exist by itself—it cannot carry out responsibilities without power. The power has to be applied. The last MS. I selected has made good immediately—it is the next religious book of the month. This is good business and a further feather in our caps. I will hold to my end that for two decades, as J. R. would say, no religious publisher has anywhere near our *proportion* of really distinctive stuff. Now that I am free to use my head, I think I can get even more of the same kind.

The whole business is such a relief that I cannot describe it in words. I cannot be thankful enough.

It seems a lot of monkey-business to keep one man alive, but I cannot see that anyone will be harmed.

I read Grandpa's valedictory with much interest. I had a fine talk with him. I want to have more. He is doing the right thing, I am sure. Is not the bend toward religious work

the natural trend of high-minded youth toward service? But also is it not fine to pass from the symbol to the reality and to learn that one may enter *any* honorable calling with the same high religious spirit? The tragedy is that boys consider the problem as "the ministry vs. selfish callings," and when they find themselves not adapted for the ministry they seem to feel that they have turned their back upon unselfishness. Ralph solved his problem in his way: Grandpa will also arrive by his own path. If the ministry, well and good, but service the ideal in any calling. Naturally I am tremendously interested in what Grandpa does. He will like it at Harvard, I know.

I cannot be reconciled to missing the wedding but it must be borne. Thank heaven, you can understand the situation. You will all be in my thoughts much through Monday. Do encourage the bride and groom to drop in on us when they can. Our Mandy and Hugo are an absolute joy to us daily. You cannot imagine the relief. They are eager to find things to do for our comfort at every turn; and Mandy is, of course, a wonderful cook. Home-made bread and rolls again! So we can take care of our friends with no terrible burden on Tildy. We shall be watching eagerly for you and Ralph in the middle of the month.

Here's hoping that everything goes well on Monday and that the affair will not put you out of business yourself. You will have a rather free time afterward, though, will you not? You have created a wonderful little girl in Meg and I am sure she must feel that God did her a wonderful service—is it ten or twelve years ago? What a joy to see your effort expended upon a worthy man! It must be ghastly to invest one's soul in a daughter and then have her hand herself over to a tin horn! The thought gives me much pause.

Well, here goes all my love to you all—Ma & Pa, boys, girl, and your new boy. I am sure you will enjoy another son, and I think he appreciates the fact of his privileges.

Yours,

Fred

July 4, 1928

My dearest Sister:

Today finds the family reassembled. Everyone seems to have had a whale of a time and I have certainly had an earful. They are all rather limp in the depressing heat today. After fairly decent weather, the Glorious Fourth emerges with sticky heat and thunderstorms. As usual the electricity in the air makes me jumpy.

After two wonderfully comfortable days, a bout of pains annoyed me seriously this morning—but after lunch a long sleep seems to have revived me again in spite of the heat, which actually I do not mind. The X-ray of Monday showed very little reaction and a series of hearty meals was encouraging. This morning was, I think, the result of being tired after the journey out yesterday.

I gather from the reports that the wedding was a complete success. I have enjoyed it by proxy and have not, I think, missed any points. Apparently the élite of Sewickley turned out to help put it over—as well as others from points east and west. I certainly am glad to hear it all went off so well, and so neatly. The youngsters can now tackle the little business of living: a mere detail, after all. I feared that this might mean a heavy burden on you; but Tildy reports that you were carrying it apparently with perfect ease, so that I am in hopes that though there must have been strain, it was not too much.

I am still finding new enjoyment in the growing things. The flowers are coming out beautifully; and, while it will take some time to get the crudity shaped up, our place is getting trimmer day by day. We still have our many birds which I find most interesting. No more cats for me. They are not worth it, as compared with "our feathered neighbors"—is that correct?

*Better Homes and Gardens*—a home magazine, 1,600,000 subscribers—has been corresponding with me about some articles on home relationships; but I fear I can make no im-

mediate commitments, so shall have to turn my back. Perhaps some future date will be possible.

We shall be all agog to see you next week. Grandpa gave me an outline of his trip; it is a wonderful chance for the boys. They will certainly have the time of their young lives. I see Ivy Lee has written a book based—quite frankly—on ten days in Russia. The safe way, I think. Imagine writing on America even after forty years.

My best love to all,

Fred

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As this letter was written, I was convalescing in the Toronto General Hospital, securely tied in a plaster cast supporting a dislocated shoulder. The decision to go to Geneva, as a last resort, had been reached. Hilda and Fred sailed on October 6th leaving the three girls in America.

August 23, 1928

My dearest Sister:

Ralph has been here and could not have come at a more fortunate time. I was very anxious to discuss several matters with him and we got rather out into the clear on the issues involved. There is no haste about immediate decision, but just before boats are sailing is a difficult time to find a moment for quiet discussion. I wished to get the mind a bit clear before I left this side.

I told Ralph—what is true—that I never felt freer in my mind than I do at present. The children could not be better placed for the winter; and, if we are to be separated from them, they are in a position to occasion no worry. We do not need to fuss about anything, as time matters not a bit now. Also, I am still getting letters that show my work has not been in vain. I can do my studying and thinking right here with perfect ease, even though writing has to be deferred.

Tildy and I both had letters from you this morning—breathing fire and energy, so I foresee the cast is losing every round of the fight. Ralph told us you were to be freed somewhat earlier than you had expected. I am chancing this epistle to Toronto, however, and I shall write to Placid on Saturday.

Two whiffs of wind blew in here last evening in the pouring rain—Gladys and Ouida Palmer. They are like a couple of kids, and with the girls, we have a lively household. It is fine to hear them all at it having such a superlatively good time, and I can dip in or not exactly as I choose. Another raging rain comes down today. Yesterday and today are the first days I have eschewed my porch. It is damned damp, but I shall roll out this afternoon, I think, as I have grown to distaste the indoors. Of course, with these big doors open by my bed, I am really outside.

I should think the hospital would be of perennial interest to you, who have a sense both of irony and pity in outlook. They are strange and wonderful places, yet how much improved even in our day. Think of it, within our life-time medical students were permitted in some states to practice after about a year of study and a couple of weeks of midwifery. Calomel and rhubarb and soda were about all they could be treated with. We have lived to see all this changed. I laugh at the medicos, but what in hell could we do without them? I thought S—— was a kind of suave proposition. Of course, I have not seen him for over twenty years so my recollection is very dim. Never mind if he is unlovable—thank God you are under no obligation to love him.

The idea of doing your hair with one hand startles me. Please explain at your earliest convenience. With Tildy it took two of my hands and one of hers, making three in all. If you could use your teeth, I could see it easier but they will serve only during the preliminary stages. I gather from this that the family banner defying physical debility is carried high. Ralph confirms this today, that you have spit in the Devil's eye steadily. Spread around perhaps we can manage to defy a large selection of ills.

Do you remember Kipling's "The Drums of the Fore and Aft"? He describes the difference between an Afghan attacking and an Afghan retreating. Great.

God bless you, etc. etc., and much love,

Yours,

Fred

September 16, 1928

My dearest Sister:

Apparently this is Sunday morning—I seem to find one day so much like another that the Sabbath rather sneaks up on me in the dark as it were. This morning I awoke at twenty minutes to eight and waited vainly for the 7:42.

Burton and Otta paid us a flying visit yesterday, arriving at 2:30 and leaving at 10:00. They both looked very well: I hope they feel that way. I was glad to have a chance to see them before I quit these parts. I am only sorry it was so short. Apparently everything is moving smoothly and happily in their grown-up family. It seems strange to think that people of our generation are becoming grandmothers and grandfathers. Ken Trousdell has five grandchildren. He and Densie dropped in last night for a while. Burton has to chase away West again so they could not remain even over night.

There is a great stew of sewing here. Four women, my dear, represent an awesome problem in the simple matter of clothes. Everything has been purchased and sorted over: but we are snipping and stitching; and taking in hems and letting them out; ripping up seams and changing the venue of buttons; shortening belts; and, above all—far above all—discussing, approving, disapproving, or highly praising as the case may be. The sewing machine buzzes along—it is God's mercy it runs on a motor—and the house I am sure will be burned up eventually by an electric iron. It is a fortunate circumstance that Papa is not adding to the confusion. Since he has worn little or no clothing this summer, his suits are all in good shape; and when he buys a cap in

the city next week, his wardrobe will be complete. I am sorrowful over the cane. The Cairo amber one snapped off just under the handle. When I come back I shall have it fitted on a new stick. In the meantime, I shall have to be content with my French one. It is quite good enough to lose on the trip after all.

I keep up and down, but seem to be gaining strength on the whole. I should prefer to get about a bit before I start, but I fear that I shall have to be content with a reasonable quietness.

Your own schedule seems to be complex, indeed. Well, I can only set ours down as now planned and hope you can work out your suggested itinerary. We leave here Wednesday 26th about nine in the morning and will stay in New York at the Hotel Roosevelt, because it is so conveniently close to the Bank and the office. I can get there without even going out of doors. We really need the three days because I cannot crowd very much into any single day.

As for Fritz, the arrangement that will be most convenient for you will be all right for us. If you wish to send her along with Miss Taylor and Sloan early in the week that would be O. K. There would be some advantage in having her off at that time, but I do not think this matters one way or the other very much. So whatever you decide we'll fall in with.

With very much love,

Fred

September 25, 1928

My dearest Sister:

I have been thinking of you constantly realizing very very clearly that you must have been facing some very real suffering, and I hope that my telegram (however inadequate) has been able to convey at least some of my concern. My experience with Tildy has led me to appreciate at least how much pain may have to be borne; and perhaps my own experience has made me able to feel how irksome it must have

been to you. I cannot compliment you on your splendid courage because, knowing you, I expected that you would have to be an ensample for us all. After all, there is only one virtue —courage: for without it, all the rest are rather useless. Sir Reginald appreciated your fortitude and I am glad that he saw how resolute a woman could be under such circumstances. What it has meant to Ralph and the boys cannot be measured.

Is it presumption to imagine that this trial of yours has brought you and me closer together? Tossing about every night in acute pain I have felt so keenly that you are up against it too, and that showing the white flag would be letting each other down. Somehow or other the fellowship of suffering seems to be a tremendous reality and the feeling of sympathy is a perpetual comfort. Remember I think of you constantly. It seems all that I can do to help.

Your letter followed my own recent thinking word for word. It has been hard to decide anything when one is so much out of the normal. One moment I am feeling comfortable, the next in acute pain. I have taken nothing but a little cellonal and some whiskey for relief—the codine and morphine is ready for emergency but I have not touched it as yet. We have canvassed every possibility but at present there seems to be no rational solution save a bold attempt to get to Geneva. You have divined the difficulty, however. Tildy could not manage it alone. She could not manage baggage, papers, and a sick husband; nor could she make final decisions 3000 miles from friends and relatives. Alice has her passport and visas and can go with us. She is a host in herself and never gets excited. Abroad there is Gilbert and several others and Rollier at Leysin with the sun treatment. Any place here means either N. Y. or Baltimore, with Pinehurst or even Atlantic City hours from the essential treatment. I do not mean to rule out the staying here, but I am more than conscious of its difficulties. Goodridge says Rollier at Leysin might be able to do very much. This is a finish fight, and just now I am feeling we can wage it with

better chances in Europe than here. *But I am not sot one way or the other.* Tildy feels confident in Geneva, and the one thing sure is that present progress is nil. Of course, it remains to be seen whether or not I can actually manage to get away. Dr. Wood says he feels sure I can. Well, your letter shows you have all this in mind well enough and I shall eagerly await a chance to go through things finally. *Even up to the day of sailing I shall not commit myself completely till we can thrash the thing through.*

All this lays a heavy burden on you at a bad time and I realize this thoroughly. If your painful period continues you will just have to tell me to lay off and settle the thing myself. In any event I shall be thinking of you much and hoping and praying that everything will go as well with you as possible.

With much love,

Fred

London, Park Lane Hotel,
October 14, 1928

My dearest Sister:

Just a line on our arrival in London. We got off in such a crowd that I did not have time to thank Ralph properly for fixing up our arrangements so wonderfully or to thank you for all that you meant in those closing days. We are both deeply grateful; I cannot put in words how much.

Really it is remarkable how much I have picked up. The moment the sea breezes blew in my face, I felt new vigor: I got out in the sun the first morning and hardly went inside the whole trip. I have put on some weight and have no more serious pains: the aching soreness in my back is quite gone and I eat normal meals. The little motor trip was the right guess. It was an extravagance but it saved my life. They padded me up in a big comfortable car and the weather and roads were perfect. The driver was a wonder and we had a real diversion, plenty of air, and no effort for me. I saw everything without moving. I could not face a city right

away. It was amazing what we covered with such ease; of course, my rest times were carefully planned. Alice had fires in my room at night, and surrounded me with hot water bottles. The chauffeur picked out perfect stopping places for tea, lunch, and evening as you will see by the travel diary.

The boat was wonderful. Though I was nauseated when I went on, I never felt a qualm on the ocean. They arranged little special meals for me—superb as you stated—and the so-called rough sea never shook that magnificent ship. Boher and the rest were exceptionally attentive and the purser arranged the whole auto trip for me. The Duke of Newcastle actually took the trouble to speak to the chauffeur and tell him how I needed care and attention and made some suggestions which proved valuable. They cleared me at the customs without opening my luggage, ran my trunks through to the hotel here without my having to do anything. I felt as if I were still surrounded by Harbisons. It has all been very very wonderful.

The girls are off to the Abbey; I am tucked up in bed till dinner-time. So I send my love to you, Fritz and Ralph. I am writing Grandpa direct. I hope to hear news of him soon. Be sure to thank Ralph particularly.

Yours,
Fred

Apparently I have gained a few pounds. Be sure to let me know how the arm progresses.

Park Lane Hotel,
October 17, 1928

My dearest Sister:

Your very dear letter of Saturday week has just reached us. It does not seem hard to face difficulties when you have such backing of love and consideration. Really I am already a different man. I cannot *do* anything but I am not in continuous suffering and I can enjoy the passing scene.

Sir Reggie left for Egypt Monday evening and I saw him for just a moment. He inquired very kindly for you and appreciated much your return cable. He seemed well; but, of course, was very busy. Was it not strange that he discovered that his brother-in-law carried Father to the hospital in Delhi and that he remembered "little bewildered Erdman"?

I shall be glad to get out of this peculiarly depressing fog and darkness. The English country was so beautiful and the air so invigorating—but this is miserable, and I can sit indoors in a hotel anywhere. Apparently we can manage the trip to Geneva quite easily and our rooms are ready for us there at the old La Residence. I am really quite anxious to see the city of my affections again. I hope the weather is decent enough so that we can get some real out-doors there. I shall certainly get a little car if necessary, provided of course I get strong enough to drive. Renting is very expensive and is based always upon distance so one's range is very restricted. How we wished we might have spun right on to Geneva with the faithful Blundell and the Daimler. The north of France is very cold just now, however, and I fear it might be a rotten journey.

The girls are off at the Tower. Tildy loved the English country but she does not seem to be crazy about London. She enjoys the sights but does dislike big cities. This makes it easier to hurry on.

I shall cable you today.

Love to one and all. Many kisses for Fritz.

Affty.,
Fred

## THE TRAVEL DIARY OF A BULL-THROWER

Oct. 5.—Was lugged on board this (probably) largest ship in the world. It is in any event very wide, very long, and must be very thick, as it seems to extend a long way below the water. Discovered in the cabin a lot of eatables sent by our friends. There is probably little food to be had aboard. Said Good-bye—with tears—and went to bed; and the ship commenced without my knowing it. Alice Guthrie stayed up to bid farewell to the Statue of Liberty.

Oct. 6.—Awoke to a gorgeous day. The only way to tell that we are on a moving ship is to spit over the side and watch it float away. There are three first class passengers (m. or f.) besides ourselves. We thus have the almost exclusive service of the Bugler (Helen's friend), who is also a deck steward. He runs the place—ranking, I think, just below second steward and just above the captain. Much invigorated personally by air, sunshine and food. Apparently my friends at the office who sent quantities of food were mistaken about the commissariat. There is a great deal to eat. Our table steward (Heathcote is his name. I suspect his Christian name is Cecil, but have not the heart to ask) has started a game. You are supposed to ask for any outlandish thing you can think of for dinner and he produces it. I guessed scallops and artichokes, but they got there easily. Alligator pears are a cinch, then he strings off a list of stuff I have never heard of. I wanted to try tripe, but I would not eat it if he did get it for me. The snooty cabin steward looked over our beautiful basket of fruit from the office with his nose in the air and then duplicated it piece for piece sticking an offensively large bunch of hot-house grapes on the top. . . . There are more stewards than passengers. The lounge looks like the Army and Navy Club when you come up from lunch. He *gave* me coffee—a big belaced rascal—but I felt I had to buy a cigar. When he nearly kissed my hand for a tuppenny tip I felt relieved.

I may be class on this ship after all. The passengers I have only glanced at. They do not *appear* impressive.

Oct. 7. (Sunday or Sabbath).—Still another gorgeous day—calm sea and sunshine. It seemed too nice even to read. I curled up in the sun on the boat-deck (which is exactly the same height as the Woolworth Building) and enjoyed every moment. I ate a lot of food with no suffering—due I believe to the able assistance of an acquaintance named Johnnie Walker I met on board. He is a cheerful companion. There was, I hear, divine service; fearing I might embarrass the rector, I stayed away. We expect a fine day tomorrow, because the Bugler told me that "the sun went down nicely." I never heard the expression before. The ship ran some odd distance like 529 miles or something of the sort.

Oct. 8.—Still fine weather. Papa reviving steadily. Aroused myself to break the ice with a little round red-faced Englishman and discovered I was talking to the newly created Duke of Newcastle. He was a scream—friendly, pleasant, communicative—"Brother died—got title and estates—did not want damn things—perfectly happy before!" Uses Massey Harris machines on his farm. First Duke I ever met. He certainly has less swank than I have—which isn't a hell of a lot, either. We have struck up quite a friendship—that is, I have. His daughter, Lady Mary Hope, is also aboard. I hear she is the possessor of the Hope Diamond. Does any one know what the Hope Diamond is? Lady Mary is a trifle squeamish though there is only a gentle swell. There is also a movie actress around; I had her name but forgot it. The sixth officer told me one of the bloods asked to have his cabin moved near hers. "Rather crude, don't you think?" he said. I admitted there was nothing very subtle about the maneuver but I could not see that it was any worse than the pictures. I am wishing the blood bad luck in any event. They tell me that much evil goes on in the world. I certainly should have traveled on the *Majestic* before I was converted. I shall ask His

Grace—Gad, you ought to hear me say "Your Grace." He is also Earl of Lincoln, by the way. He tells me most Dukes have four or five titles; he has only two—"not that it makes a damned bit of difference!" Marc Klaw is also on the ship with his very young wife and a one-pound dog. Alice found the dog for them today but got no reward. He got lost again in ten minutes anyway. Apparently the ship ran some 534 miles today. This looks a lot after the *Orbita* There is a following sea which will push us forward too fast, so that we get to Cherbourg too soon. A nice swell this afternoon but boat wonderfully steady—no discomfort, beautiful run. The lounge is a wonderful room. I read in the booklet that the ceiling is 26 feet high but, of course, only the lower part of the room is used, so why so high? This boat is 976 feet long from the bow to the stern and 976 feet back again—making nearly 2000 feet in all. I have discovered the smoking room is full of free lunch all the time, more to eat. If I could only carry with me the stuff they have offered me that I can't eat, I could feed this party for the next six months. It's the most wasteful catering I have ever seen. Dinner at 7:30 is late so I eat potato chips at 7:00—feeling very much better. Not any real pain. Resting most of the time. Don't care even to read very much. Sun "going down nicely" again.

Oct. 9.—I noticed by the log today that the sea is "rough" but it does not seem so. There is a swell following us along which makes me hungry and I imagine the "rough" is for the benefit of the passengers. It is again a wonderful day. There was a lot of food and sleep. The Gala Dinner was had even if the passenger list is so small. It can hardly be said to have been a huge success from the point of view of my wife, because she does not like any noise. She would not pull her cracker or whirl her bull-roarer and was very much displeased—drew her chin right in—when I gave one small toot on my horn. I bought some wine; and after a long time she consented to pull her cracker (it would not crack after all) and let me throw a few little paper balls, after my nearby

neighbors had filled my underclothes with them. I fear Carnival at Nice would be one vast waste for her—though she did get all dressed up for the party. Something went wrong. The ship ran 569 miles. So we are slowing up,—each steward gives a different reason. Had a couple more hours with the Duke. He is thicker so we're really getting very thick, very thick. I've got his whole family history; interesting but not exciting. Potato chips still good.

Oct. 10.—Supposed to be rough but the swell is behind and this big fell' has just an easy roll—sunny, perfectly warm; Papa picking up every minute. Still not reading—just lyin' around doing nothing all the time. The sailors and stewards furnish amusement enough for anyone. A lot more Duke today and good fun with him, too. He's got one wooden leg by the way, so needs some sympathy. Had talks with some other happy nuts on board, but the yield of pay dirt is small. O' course I got to get all out of the Duke now; if he meets me in Piccadilly, there won't be a sign on his face, not a flicker of the eye. Small 477-mile ship's pool won £179. That would have suited me very nicely. Paid my passage. Gorgeous afternoon on the upper deck and much sun. Slept in my steamer chair in the wind—very comfortably. Tildy bluffing. She claims the motion is making her sick but she appears at every meal with perfect regularity. There is not enough motion to turn over our vases of flowers. Think she must be over-eating.

Oct. 11.—His Grace hunted me up to get my advice on a piece of farming, ha, ha! Happily Gus Hambridge had tried it out, so I got up my info pat. A bit chilly today but not unpleasant. More "rough sea" but not rough at all, but evidently the swell is heavy. Passed the *Homeric* homeward bound to America and she was putting her nose deep into it, throwing water all over her upper decks. The *Leviathan* passed us from behind this afternoon. She seemed to be riding quite as smoothly as we are. It seems hardly possible that it is Cherbourg tomorrow morning and Southampton at noon. All over so soon; it's too bad. Have decided

finally to ease up to London by three days' round trip in a car. I cannot see anything any other way, and it will mean open air and change. I hope our stay in London will be short, and I think it will. Have high hopes, since I feel so much better, though still weak enough to have no temptations to overdoing.

Oct. 12.—Hard to write about today—the voyage ended. It was rumored that we landed passengers at Cherbourg early in the morning but I did not hear a sound. When I emerged after breakfast in my cabin, we were edging toward Southampton. My old pal, the Duke, hunted me up to have a few parting words, gave me his card, and urged me to call on him for any help I needed. He was most decent. The purser had made all arrangements for our auto and the man was brought on board as the ship touched the dock at 11:30. The Duke—God knows why—stopped and spoke to the chauffeur and commended me to him. I understand he uses the same firm frequently. How the rails were greased I know not, but I was swung through the customs without opening our trunks, and all the little arrangements were speeded, so that less than a half-hour after I landed, we were off in a big comfortable Daimler through the South of England. I really could not make any plans—all I wanted was to stay in the country and get fresh air and not be crowded. The car was a wonder and the driver better—perfect. The weather was good. Blundell (that's the courier-chauffeur) dropped us at Yeovil for tea at the "Three Choughs" in a little red parlor before an open fire. The girls had examined Salisbury Cathedral on the way. After tea, he whisked us in perfect comfort to dinner at Exeter, where a fire in my room prevented freezing in the English chill. I noticed in the hotel what I have seen before. They all say they like the raw cold and shudder at the idea of *chauffage centrale;* but when there is a fire in the lounge of a hotel, there you will find a solid phalanx of English on the hearth absorbing all the heat—nothing but dynamite could blast them out for hours. Very quiet and peaceful.

Oct. 13.—A brilliant sunshiny crisp day. Blundell had plans, so I tucked myself up and let him go to it. The stuff is all in the guide-book but we actually did a swing into Devon and a fine ride across to (listen) The *Grand Pump* Hotel at Bath. No trip could have been finer. Part of it I missed. After lunch at Minehead where I had a pint of fine ale, I was put into cushions at the back of the car and the soporific effect could no longer be denied. The girls went wild over the Cathedral at Wells where we had our tea with Devonshire cream. Early at Bath, papa must needs go to bed till dinner, then be taken up and fed, then put promptly back to bed again. The trip has rested me, I have eaten like a horse and I am sorry we have to go to London and then on. However, English chill is settling down, and the heating facilities are so rudimentary that I should not care to linger too long just now. Naturally, we missed the Grand Pump Room and the baths, etc, but I do not have rheumatism, and everything is shut in "Bawth" of a Sunday morning, I hear.

Oct. 14.—Bath to London—broad perfect roads—more fresh air—a lot more food. Stopped at Maidenhead for lunch at Skindle's Hotel (pronounced as spelled), early into London, and papa once more popped into bed surrounded by hot water bottles. This hotel is *warm*, however. It has been a fine three days. Now I shall have to sit here a couple of days till the girls see a bit of London; then I shall cart the party off to the South. It will not seem as hard now since the sea and the open country have made life worth living again. I cannot trot about but I have put on weight and for the time being have no pains.

Oct. 15.—London—dull, foggy, no pep in the air. The first job today was to trot around the corner to Cook's and arrange for passage to Geneva on Thursday. Pop popped back to bed again till luncheon. Taxied to the "Cheshire Cheese" with the wife for lunch. Quite surprised her. She thought that it was an imposing inn on a corner. The rooms fascinated her, but she pulled in her chin over the famous

"Beefstake, Kidney, and Lark Pie." (She and Gladys have always loathed and despised that kind of thing.) Then (*mirabile dictu*) we actually got into comfortable chairs at the Adelphi and saw part of Jack Hulbert's *Clowns in Clover*—papa's first entertainment since April. Afterwards papa popped—as per usual—till Bob McDonald of the M-H Co. came to dinner. More light on His Grace. He *has* used M-H machines and Mac knew his account under his recent name of Hope—but *he is not very good pay*. Ha, ha! Are all noblemen congenital slack accounts or is it to keep the tradesmen in their place? I certainly had a good laugh. Now that His Grace has the extra millions, perhaps he will keep up his end a little better—though I doubt it. He travels *de luxe* anyway; and, by the Lord Harry, that takes hard cash. Mac was delightful—in spite of the fact that Burtie did not write him as promised. He said: "You are his brother; you did not really expect him to, did you? It's strange: Burt is reasonably voluble but he doesn't seem to be able to dictate a letter!" And so to bed.

Oct. 16.—Rest day for papa. Hoisted myself into a taxi and persuaded my first wife to let me take her to Simpson's for lunch. She wanted to argue it out on the ground that I was trying to slip over a Childs or Aerated Bread Co. on her. She finally capitulated with misgivings—later dispelled of course by the excellent menu. She ate a plate of roast beef, Yorkshire pudding, and cabbage that made my head swim, followed it with one whole deep-dish apple pie and a chunk of cheese, and washed the melange down with Devonshire Cyder (also pronounced as spelled). The girls reported a morning visit to Westminster Abbey. They were enthralled, though Tildy confided to me that the crowd they joined—with the guide—was the funniest smelling (!) crowd she had ever been in. After luncheon we swung over to St. Paul's and sat in the nave a while. The place is half walled-off for repairs, so you can't see much. Afterward a long exciting sleep till the dinner hour—or late tea. Three stomachs rebelled at all the heavy food. I shall send them

off to the Tower tomorrow. These are not very lively days for the Great City, but I can't manage any exertion in the appalling climate. The country, both south and in Devon, was tremendously invigorating. Here it is as dead as can be. So I just sit and think, and sometimes just sit. I find that we can get to Paris on a good train, then leave on a new fast train to Geneva next day, saving an hour and a half of our journey of two years ago. The through route to northern Suisse means sleepers—which the good Lord forbid. Papa's appetite still good and no real pains. Many people here I'd like to see but cannot make up my mind to risk the excitement. I get very tired, so find it very difficult to do any convening. It's too bad but Safety First. I'll be here in the spring, I think, anyway: so there will be lots of time.

Oct. 17.—London in a kind of a fog. I lay in till noon while the ladies went off to the Tower. They liked it quite a little, but seem to have been more fascinated by a flannel-mouthed Irishman who was lecturing on the horrors than on the horrors themselves. You never can tell what my first wife will like—she remains still more delighted with the Cathedral at Wells and the downs of Dartmoor than any of the glories of London. Willis of the British Y. M. C. A. came in to luncheon—a good man, very well educated and quite up-to-date: a most pleasant companion, I shall see him in Geneva at the end of the month. After lunch, Mr. Thomas Cook (in spite of Bob McDonald's depreciation of his service). Then home to quiet ending of the last day in London.

Oct. 18.—Set off for Paris. Had an excellent Pullman train with more food scattered about everywhere. The channel crossing was raw with much spray but not rough. Old England does manage this channel business badly. Of all the senseless confusion, crowding, jamming, mulling around I ever saw in my life, it takes the cake. The so-called crack boat achieves the maximum of discomfort (we could not get a cabin) and the English seem determined to increase this discomfort by walking around on the over-

crowded decks every minute of the time. By the time we landed in Calais a fine rain was falling, but discomfort was over. Being booked for the "Golden Arrow" we had no hold-up on luggage but were passed straight through to our train; and in a warm and dry Pullman, we consumed a comforting lunch with other comforting draughts I need not mention. Reduced to a state of heavenly torpor we came to Paris and put up at the famous but rather ridiculous Hotel Wagram, plunging into the land of the open palm at a point where the open palm is the openest of any that I have ever known even in Paris. No one actually put his hand in my pocket, but they would have done so had I demurred. I thought I was case-hardened to this form of piracy but the Wagram beats everything. They actually called up a man in a dress suit to hand the bill from the cashier to me—a distance of 18 inches—to catch his little rake-off (God knows his particular function).

Oct. 19.—Pullman on a fast train Paris to Geneva. 9 hours instead of 11½ two years ago. Most comfortable—no crowds—lots of food—no baggage examination—no passport fussing—good service and lots of it. Saved my life, because these have been two long days for a little sick boy. Landed at La Residence on time and tumbled into our old hostelry with relief. The rooms at La Residence are actually better than at any of the hotels, far more expensive, along the way. Dropped into bed with sigh of relief.

Oct. 20.—Geneva. A wonderful clear sunny fall day. We are warned that it is better than we have a right to expect. Our room has a fine porch and I sat out in the sun on it all morning long while the girls went to the office. Afternoon, had a sleep then a little auto ride to tea at the Bellevue on the Salève. Home, Dinner, and so to bed. Feeling somewhat tired but certainly better than before by a long shot. We are so comfortable here that I am sure to be rested in a day or two and there will be no occasion to move, I hope, for a while anyway. Glad we did not try to motor to Geneva as the weather in France has been rotten of late. Snow south of

Paris. Of course, this will not be much good here probably though today is absolutely perfect. Have seen no friends but better not till next week anyway. Expect to see Gilbert on Tuesday. Got to go over things with Guillermin first, as Gilbert does not speak English at all.

## CASUAL RESUMPTION TRAVEL DIARY OF A BULL-THROWER

Oct. 24 (Wednesday).—Geneva is living up to expectations and the routine of life settles down. My wife once more at her French lessons—also Alice. How much they will learn is problematical, but they enjoy it immensely and feel that they will soon be able to call Foch by his first name. They go mooching about the town and enjoy this also. It's a nice place to walk from here because you go down hill and then can take the tram back. I can actually stroll a bit myself down the hill, fortified with an aperitif, then step in a Victoria and get back home. This afternoon after the doctors had pommeled me from head to foot (promising that I shall probably live to get Christmas dinner anyway) Tracy Strong of the Y. M. C. A. and his wife came here to tea, then we went across in their car to the high ground on the north of town and had a wonderful sunset view of Mont Blanc and the nearer hills. Then just as the sun dropped we hung over the parapet of one of the bridges over the Rhone gorge and listened to those extraordinarily musical Swiss cow bells, which I am informed, are passed on from father to son along with the big soup-bone in the stock-pot. Dinner—and so to bed.

Oct. 25 (Thursday).—Did not feel quite so good, so remained in the sun on the porch listening to the hand organs. Tildy solved the mystery of the Grand March from Carmen. It has a habit of starting up in this locality and going on and on for about 12 or 14 repetitions. I admire this piece of music very much but after the 10th turn, it gets as the English say, a bit above itself. Around the corner

Tildy found a single beggar with a little Victrola on his knee and a *single* record—the Grand March aforesaid—which he kept running off. We needed Erd with his water-pitcher. The Swiss are a patient people, however. I can imagine what would happen if a sedentary minstrel tried that on 14th street. The sun was again shining beautifully today and I sat out in it a long time. I cannot help laughing at the doctors. Gilbert speaks worse English than two years ago, which puts it below zero. He pounds my spine or tummy, as the case may be, then pours a flood of French at Guillermin. Guillermin then Englishes it at me, and I English back again, then Guillermin goes into a flood of French. Evidently they deliberately talk very fast so that I cannot catch even the drift of the business. But I am submerged in French, oceans and oceans of it. It is a god-send that Guillermin is letter-perfect in English. He is also the Beau Brummel of Suisse and has French manners. Gilbert will shake his head off bowing sometime, too.

Oct. 26.—The rain fait tomber encore une fois (nearly what they say in France) today. The house is very warm and pleasant. I note by the bill that we pay our rates for the rooms and then 3 francs a day for chauffage centrale. Great scheme! You pay for what you get. And we seem to be getting it, as the heating system here is excellent. The house never gets chilly. Started in on the inhaling machine this morning. "Now, empty the lungs, put this tube in your mouth, inhale through the tube": then a pump pumps you up in little jerks that jiggle your liver up and down. Just before bursting—exhale. This has something to do with the building up process. It is regarded as being the equivalent of a trip to the high Alps. Of course, one does not get the view and the jolly company is missing; but otherwise—. Went to a tea at Basil Mathews's in the afternoon, ferried over by the Tracy Strongs. The Mathews have a cosy little house out in les environs, or faubourgs, and it is a most pleasant place for tea and chatter. Basil is a good chap and full of fun: likewise his wife. Tracy Strong is a peach of lad per-

sonally. Others I have not yet run into—though some have called in our absence. The American Church rector seems to dine here about every evening—perhaps the food is not so good at home. Erd knows the speech about "Lights and Shadows of a Chaplain's Life in Suisse." Whether the Rev. Everett P. Smith has the same trouble or not, I do not know. He looks like Dr. Cochrane of Paris—do they all get to look alike in the European service? By the way, Tracy got terribly bawled out by a gendarme in the car. Tracy's mode of retort was to thank him many times. Try it on your policeman!

Oct. 28 (Sunday).—The day dawned almost offensively brilliant. Since there was no French lesson, we rose late; but the hot sunshine was reflected in a dangerous light in the eye of my wife, so I hastened to anticipate by suggesting lunch at St. Cergue. The proposal was received in a manner that confirmed me in my opinion that I was just one step ahead of the game. So we got a car—turned out to be a comfortable Cadillac—and had a wonderful ride up to this high spot in the Juras that Hattie, Erd, and the girls will remember quite well. There is a wonderful view of the Mt. Blanc range from St. Cergue and it was all out today. A group of the English were also struggling to get off—to Chamonix. There are two Americans here who make me blush for my country: there is also an Englishman who makes me blush for his. Tildy snatched the good car by some hook or crook and when the Britisher's motah turned up it was a little taxi—to take four of them 62 miles to Chamonix. The said Britisher behaved quite badly. I hope we can do Chamonix, but I cannot manage it yet. The roads are pretty mean most of the way. Heard two very fair stories (1) The Scotchman counted his change over twice at the Cheshire Cheese. "Is your change all right, sir?" asked the waiter. The Scot answered: "It is, it is; but only just." (2) A friend of Dr. Hadfield's, the psychiatrist, told me that a business man came to the doctor to ask how the delicate question of sex education might be opened with his boys.

Hadfield remarked that some people found it very satisfactory to begin with pet animals. The business man answered: "Yes, I have begun that way. I bought the boys *one* rabbit a year ago."

Since we are obviously condemned to a considerable stay here in Geneva, I was delighted to find that St. Cergue is a first class winter sport place (just 1½ from here by the train and electric mountain railroad). So if we want to go up into the bracing cold to see the fun, we can telephone up to find out how the weather is and then run up for a day or two. There was quite a lot of snow yesterday, and I imagine the motor roads will be impassable in a week or two now. The ride was warm, though, and quite pleasant all the way. At Gex, the bicycle races were on as we passed through. With great self-control, we denied ourselves the privilege of stopping to see the exciting events. Tildy and Alice saw a chap neatly tossed in the air from a bicycle by a motor-car on Friday. I am not surprised, as the cyclists here seem to repose a silly confidence in either the skill or good-will of the car drivers here. Nothing that I have seen would lead me to bet a nickel either way.

Oct. 29 (Monday).—Ah, we moved our room today: my wife was distinctly not pleased; but as evening shades drew in, she finally decided that while it was inferior in some respects, it was superior in others—and that really we have not been put upon, at least seriously. For the rest the day was quiet—sucking ozone through a rubber tube, an aperitif on the water front, a sleep, tea, and a book by the window. The moving was the only diversion though the office telephoned that there is a budget of mail for us, so we shall have a big today tomorrow.

(Above the ozone machine, in the doctor's office, I saw the little postcard picture of the Alps which Fred had pinned up to "combine ozone and mountain views.")

ERDMAN was now a professor in Union Seminary, New York City and living in Fred's apartment.

La Residence, Geneva, Suisse.
October 21, 1928

My dear Professor:

Well, well, here we are in the old place. The same concierge, the same head-waitress, the same sissy manager, and even one same family—do you remember an ugly old lady who always wore a fur, with two daughters and one grandchild? We are on the front where you and the Flower of Delight were: it is better now because the sunshine is welcome. I tell you, this is one of the few returns where I have not been disappointed. Our rooms, all freshly decorated and scrupulously clean, are really better than we have had anywhere else and the meals have improved—if anything—and the reasonable price remains the same. Geneva is beautiful in fall colors. Today *il fait tomber la pluie, beaucoup de pluie,* but yesterday was beautiful beyond description. We had tea at Monnetier Mairie on the Salève taking a motor up that far.

Really it is extraordinary how I have come through. In twenty-four hours that sea air and sun on the boat picked me up and before I got off I could hobble around the deck a bit. We had so much sun that I spent many hours on that bench up on the boat deck. The three days motoring in England gave me still more of a set-up; and while a very little more of London fog would have reduced me to a pulp, I managed the journey here quite well. I cannot sleep well as yet. The moment I lie flat, the viscera gets uncomfortable —but this improves too, and will more so as the days go on, I'm sure.

Had Willis to lunch in London. He seemed well and enthusiastic. I shall see him next week.

Your kind cable awaited my arrival. It is good to hear from you along the way and I hope an epistle will find its track in a day or two. I can't write a hell of a lot, but I will try to give you a few words once in a while to let you know

what I am about. I can't see any reason to keep up the Travel Diary now I am settled down, because it would bore me to death to write it and certainly paralyse my friends to read it if no events happen from day to day. However, as Isaiah says, we shall see, we shall see.

Blessings on the Rose and the Rose-bud and on the sprig of my own shrub. I hope you are comfortable, busy and happy. Pax vobiscum both you and your home.

Affectionately,

Fred

October 23, 1928

My dearest Sister:

We are settled down nicely; and apart from the fact that we shall have to move to other rooms in the hotel (which angers my wife), we are quite at home. But you see the sissy manager answered her expostulation with: "But, Madam, those rooms are taken every year and again this year *until next July*." Tildy could not raise that bet, so we shall shift to new quarters next week. We are all very content and the head of the house really happy—though I shall have to hide a piece of petit-point she purchased in Paris for a shovelful of francs. It is of an area of about half a hectare (2.17 acres as I see by my phrase book) and she has gone at it as if it must be finished before Election Day.

The doctors are beginning—Guillermin yesterday, Muster today. Gilbert probably tomorrow. Guillermin is hopeful but quite modest as always. He wishes to say nothing of any course of action till they all get together. He still insists that the cases they have had since I was here have shown encouraging results in each instance and that while he fears I shall have to go through a longer total process this time, recent improvement seems to indicate excellent chances. It may be that the sun-rays will be given first as I have had so much X-ray so recently. In any event, they have tackled it all systematically again, so I shall have to see what they say in the end.

Your first letter from Sewickley arrived here and we have had some epistles from the girls and various friends. A number of the men are away from here now but the class assembles for Nov. 3 when J. R. M. Zeus descends out of his storm cloud for the meeting of the World's Committee. I shall be glad to see the bunch anyway. This morning in the bright clear sunlight I walked down the hill for quite a way and enjoyed it much. The air and change gave me a sound hour and a half of sleep after luncheon. The girls have left me after tea to take a look at the tubby figures in the Reformation Memorial. There is a lot to be seen here at really very close range. They are expecting to take in a Heifetz concert tomorrow evening.

The mail is ready so I'll drop off with love to all. Many kisses for little Fritz.

Yours,
Fred

October 24, 1928

My dear Girls: (Send on to Mousie)

I know you will understand that letter-writing is very hard and forgive me for the moment for being a poor correspondent. Now that Mother is working so hard on her French and Petit-point I fear she may not keep up her end as well as usual.

You would hardly think we had left Geneva at all—everything goes so much the same. Today Tracy Strong of the Y. M. C. A. came for us in his car—a nice Buick—and took us up around Saconnex, where we had a fine sunset view of Mont Blanc. The coloring in the Juras was wonderful, also; and the crisp air most peppy. We hung over the parapet of a bridge a mile or two below the city and spit into the Gorge of the Rhone and listened to those musical cow-bells you will remember. We stayed there till the sun set and the lights came blinking out in the villages and the city.

The doctors finished their examination. They say your old Pop will get well again but that it will take some months,

so we must all remain most patient. We miss you much, but there seems to be no other way of bringing a happy family together again. I am sure you will all have a really fine winter; and think what fun it will be to be all together after a long separation. I am all alone this evening. Mother and Aunt Alice are off to hear Heifetz play the fiddle—Mother looking very sweet in the black lace dress. Do not forget that her birthday is Dec. 9. Never mind presents but see that she gets a birthday message.

Best love as always,

Pop

October 24, 1928

My dearest Sister:

The physicians have examined, re-examined, and consulted. Their conclusions were divulged this afternoon. Dr. Gilbert's final pronouncement is again optimistic, but he says much patience will be necessary. My present blood-test was good and both doctors are pleased over my general condition, under the circumstances. I have gained 4 lbs. since I left home. The pains are really better, though not entirely comfortable all the time.

Roughly the plan is this: (1) Six weeks of building up on a careful regime with some arsenic and a new gag—some kind of inhalation. (2) A carefully graduated course of X-ray, frequency and amount to be determined entirely by condition six weeks hence and developed as circumstances arise. A general re-examination before this comes off. (3) Another period of study and building up by an adjusted regime.

Dr. Gilbert insists upon several months—which seems not unreasonable under the circumstances. Guillermin says that haste is out of the question. I assured them I was at their service. He gave us a complete prospectus of the whole situation as he sees it ahead, and reports Gilbert as quite confident that as good a result as before can be reached. They do not wish to begin any disturbing (possibly) treat-

ment until my general tone is restored. As before they are both most kindly, most modest, but most confident; and they seem to have no uncertainty though they repeated several times that *detailed* procedure must be determined by progress. *I am certainly glad I came.* Their familiarity with this disease warns them of the secondary consequences, certain obscure bone troubles of which I seem to show no sign. The comparatively small doses of arsenic are to be given entirely in injections to ease the digestion to the limit. "After all," drily remarked Guillermin, "the human stomach is for food—let us endeavor to keep it for that purpose." All physicians are fallible, but the conservative yet systematic regime gives us all a renewed sense of security. I believe the course pursued—which is entirely due to you and Tildy rather than to me—has been abundantly justified.

Our friends here are very kind and most considerate. We are happy and as contented as we can be under the enforced separation from all our dear ones.

We are thinking much of you, one and all. Apparently we shall be here for several months. If you could drop in on us, it would be simply wonderful. La Residence is really better than it was two years ago, though we liked it then. Think of beautiful rooms, bath, *and* meals for $10.00 per day for the three of us—less than $3.50 apiece.

Our best to the Old Dog, Fritz, and the rest. I must write a couple more notes tonight, so just much love,

Fred

P.S. Sorry for so much clinical material but I felt you should know the whole proposed arrangement.

November 2, 1928

My dearest Sister:

I had your letter of the 22nd last evening and that of the 16th only the day before. There is something very curious about the mail. The letters we sent from the boat were dropped off at Cherbourg early in the morning of the 12th,

yet apparently you did not have them ten days later. The mail came promptly this week, since Fritz's letter, postmarked the 23rd, arrived here yesterday morning. She gave us detailed news of the wedding and particularly of every detail of the costumes. I gather she copied these from the newspaper or got them from Miss Taylor. Surely she could not store such elaborate detail in one small memory. I gather that a good time was had by all in any event.

Things go ahead here on an even tenor. We have been rather fortunate in the weather on the whole, since we have had a number of glorious days in what is regarded as a rainy period of the year. Yesterday we again took advantage of the fine day and motored to Annecy. In some ways it was the prettiest motor trip I ever had in my life. We swung back through the mountains on the return trip, and it was surely gorgeous. The fall coloring here is indescribable. In spots it is as brilliant as the Grand Canyon and as varied.

I seem to be making progress in vigor and gaining a little in weight. The inhalations apparently do help and certainly can do no harm. Guillermin feels they are very useful. Also, the full complement of arsenic taken in hypodermic does not bother me at all, of course. I can walk easily all the way down to the water-front. It is fine to get this little shake up every day.

Our new room is really better than the old. The furniture is not quite so new; but it is bigger, much brighter, and much better arranged. The heat is always ready, coming on promptly; how the French doors will stand the winter I cannot tell. However, the cold winds come from the other side of the house.

Dinner at the Tidball's on Wednesday night was my first party since April. Mrs. Tidball is French, cute as punch and a most interesting talker. Bob Abernethey and Tracy Strong—old friends of mine—were there also with Mrs. Davis.

The crowd blows into town today. I shall be glad to have a chat with them all. There are some very interesting men in

the bunch. Of course, meetings are out of the question to any extent if at all; but I like to chat with the boys. It does me good.

I am glad to hear that Grandpa picks up, though sorry to hear that the Mediterranean is out of it for him. I am sure that cessation from expenditure of energy will do him good, and I hope that he can learn to rest when necessary at his present age. It will serve him very well in later years.

Best love to one and all. Kisses for Fritz. The sun is in the sky again and I must get into it, at once. I hope the arm will speed more in improvement because it must drag much on your energy.

Yours with all love,
Fred

November 2, 1928

My dear Mousie:

We have had your nice letters but a flood of others came which I had to answer in a lot of notes, so I have waited to write to you until I could sit down to it quietly. I do not know how quiet this will be, because some very noisy little American kids are making a row about the lounge. Today is such a fine day that they really all ought to be outside. There is so much rain this time of year.

I had a nice letter from my old classmate, who said he saw you at Emma Willard. You mixed up his name. It i not Dutchard but Birchard Dutcher.

I am very glad you liked Dr. Buttrick so much. Evidently he gave you some very good stuff and it is something indeed to have held the interest of a crowd of school girls. He had a good subject and evidently pressed it home very hard. It is a bad thing indeed to get interested in our *own* self-expression. That is what makes us selfish and useless. But we can well afford to try to make for *the other fellow* an easy chance for self expression. It is really the same with people who try to cultivate their own characters. If you think about character, you don't get it: if you think about your self-expres-

sion, you really go stale and self-centered. I'm sure Dr. Buttrick pointed out that self-sacrifice is nothing *in itself*. It is when we want good things so much that we do not care what happens to ourselves, that we practice real self-sacrifice. Some people have sacrificed themselves for bad ends, you know. Napoleon never spared himself, but he did not make the world happier and better. But nevertheless Dr. Buttrick's emphasis was good. If we think of other people first, we shall not only be happier and better but we shall not mind sacrifice; it won't seem sacrifice at all.

I am glad you are having nice groups in your Christian Association. They will be very interesting and you should know to work in discussion groups after your previous experience. I hope your work is going rather smoother now. It is so hard always to change schools. If you can get straightened out this year, next year ought to be very much simpler.

We have had some good weather, so we were able to have a wonderful trip yesterday over a road we did not take two years ago. The autumn colors are very wonderful and I really think these mountains are more beautiful now than in the summer. The leaves do not drop so quickly.

You would certainly be surprised to see how little things have changed. The apartment house which they were building just above us is not quite finished even yet. The hotel has bought the house and garden next door so they will not be shut in on that side. With all the old faces about, though, I cannot believe we have been away for two years. The old Y. M. C. A. office looks very much the same as it did before.

I am very much better and walk about quite comfortably hoping that care and treatment will make me like myself again. The thing cannot be hurried, so we shall all have to be patient till we can gather our little family together once more. By summer surely, perhaps before. But we cannot tell now certainly.

With much love to you and your little friends,

Pap

November 4, 1928

To Erdman—

Cher M. le Professeur (showing the strong French influence in Geneva):

I have had it in hand for several days to answer your last letter, but each mail brings a flood of things requiring a series of little notes and I have put off my real letters till a more convenient season. The Executive Committee of the World's Committee is meeting here now also. I cannot do any work, of course; but I go over to the Beau Sejour for tea and sit around chatting with the crowd. Last night I did attend the committee on the psychology conference proposed for a year or two hence.

This episode was both interesting and amusing. The American memos were all for dealing with concretes. The Europeans think that the proper business is to settle the final constitution of the universe and then, day by day, issues are an easy matter. The European ideal would be a galaxy of fifty professors setting up the relation between religion and science, but I am blest if I see where the Y. M. C. A. would be in on it. Except, of course, I suppose that the German Y. M. C. A. would report the results in a series of lectures as deliverances from Mt. Sinai. They worry about our authoritarian ways, but apparently they are just as bad. I hope we shall come to some agreement as to procedure—it is wise and necessary that the groups come to understand each other, and I hope they will really get a start. I shall help all that I can. There is a long road ahead toward *agreement* but there is no sense in the continued policy of failing to make an attempt at understanding. We shall have to adopt a different policy or quit the game of international co-operation. Perhaps this is the best way after all. However, we might give co-operation a run, first.

The weather has been very, very beautiful in spite of predictions and we have enjoyed some very fine rides—St. Cergues, Bellevue, etc.—all of which you are familiar with. St. Cergues is a popular winter resort, so I hope that

when we find it soggy here, we can skip up there in a trice It only takes 1½ hours and you can telephone beforehand to see if the weather is O. K.

I seem to be gaining very steadily in strength and well-being. It will be some time yet before any X-ray begins, so that I can enjoy myself reasonably well in the meantime. I shall certainly be sunk, I fear, if they peck at me again very much—but it seems to be the only method of solution. I still suck ozone every day and I really believe it has a general bucking-up effect, for certainly I do not go dead tired and completely out as I did a week or two ago.

The thing that impresses me most is that it all seems as if we had hardly done more than step out of here two years ago for a day and then stepped back in again, for everything certainly seems quite unchanged. Even the apartment house a few doors east, which was building, you remember, two years ago, is not yet completed—though almost. I suppose the building at 2 Boulevard du Theatre will fall down before it is changed in any way. I have had a chance to get a talk with some of the lads here and they are very interesting with their wide knowledge that hardly ever emerges under ordinary circumstances. Walter Gethmann and his wife are tremendously cordial, which is most encouraging and pleasant. I hope really to accomplish something here this time and I shall certainly try to keep a bit in touch for the next few years at least.

My regards to the Flower of Delight and much kissing for la petite—Helen writes enthusiastically of her home at 114 and we are happy and grateful for your presence there.

Yours affty.,

Fred

P.S. More tomorrow—I want to catch the mail today.

November 9, 1928

My dearest Sister:

It is a long time indeed since I dropped you a line, but events have crowded into days with no events; and a bushel of letters requiring notes in answer have kept me dashing off these memoranda and putting off serious letters—result, an unconscionable hiatus. I shall not let it occur again.

I am tremendously sorry that your candidate for President was defeated so decisively. Please convey Ralph my heartiest sympathy. Here I had expected to be able on my return to America to order a brunette beer as readily as I do here, and now I shall not be able to. Ah me! The old brown derby I suppose will now go on the political dust-heap.

The doctors have had their second consultation over my carcass. The improvement so far is really exceedingly encouraging; weight up a couple of pounds more, strength much better, color vastly improved, general tone better. Dr. Gilbert is anxious that X-ray be put off as long as possible. If it can be deferred till January, he will be better pleased. So we go on with ozone and some arsenic and certain new arrangements regarding digestion—which never bothers me except occasionally at night—with the actual *daily* check-up. Guillermin is particularly anxious about clothing, coats, etc.; and while he approves of occasional auto trips they must not be on icy days. He says: "Do not make us tackle the problem of a cold, too; we have enough on our hands now!" I really am very happy and much better. (Incidentally they are solidly against these heavy doses of X-ray at a time—so take your choice!) That is the pathological news I think.

The World's Committee Executives met and I certainly have enjoyed the crowd. One urgent matter was up, so I sat in one short committee meeting; but otherwise I have been a good boy and just mooched around talking with the chaps at odd hours. They were very nice to me. They set me in a

big arm-chair each time and sent the men to me. So I just lit my pipe, played the complete invalid, and had everyone I wanted to see at hand. While the meetings were on, I drifted over to the Beau Sejour at tea time and some times at eleven (when coffee was served at the morning break). I enjoyed it all, was mentally much refreshed, and I believe physically better for a little extra interest in daily life. I am much taken with the new men here; it is a wonderful atmosphere. My French is worse than ever; I shall have to pad it up—*but I will not do anything new to retard my cure.* Fortunately practically all the World's Committee members speak English—*all* the secretaries do. The new General Secretary, Walter Gethmann, is a man I admire very much, indeed; and his wife I sent to France for War Work and so found her a good husband. This would be a great environment for you. I do wish you could be here a while. It would be bully fun. There is a good crowd of men and some of the women are interesting.

Tildy was off color for a few days but Dr. Guillermin seems to have helped her around a bit and I hope she will be all right. I cannot get her to wear really warm clothes. A little later we shall have double doors on our rooms. There is plenty of steam. In the meantime she will carelessly sit in the room on a cold evening and freeze. I am gaining ground, however; I expect to win out in the end.

I hear such fine news from every branch of our little family that I can keep reasonably reconciled to not seeing them. How lucky we are to have such wonderful arrangements! Tildy gets a bit lonely, of course; but when she hears how happy they all are, she too does not really suffer mother's pain.

Our best love to one and all. You may imagine that we have been closely following the itinerary wherein you touch our crowd and little Mar also. Give my best to Ralph. Much love to yourself as ever and always.

Your

Fred

November 17, 1928

My dear Professor:

I expected to follow up my previous communication much more promptly, but another flood of little notes just used up any writing time; and your welcome epistle has arrived meanwhile.

Things go on here placidly but it is strange how rapidly the days go by. By the time I have had breakfast in bed, read the paper, written a letter or two, and put the ladies in their place, it is time for me to ease into my harness. Then, perhaps, an errand on the way to the doctor's, a whiff of ozone, and when I get back luncheon is on. A rest after luncheon with a book, tea, and then dinner seems right on top of one, after a brief visit with McCowen or 't Hooft or Gethmann. And so to bed. There is nothing to it. 'Tis a busy day.

I was much interested in what you say about your conversation with ———. I am sure it was valuable no matter how much dope he had. I find that both men and women who really have dope are usually anxious *to check up with someone whom they respect.* So much information comes from sources that are, to put it mildly, questionable, that it makes all the difference when the cause of true creative passion is preached by someone who is not a rounder nor a red-headed radical. I have just read V. F. Calverton's "The Bankruptcy of Marriage," and I am more than ever convinced that such books are not really useful. The tone is all wrong—offensive, destructive, calling people names, proclaiming the end of obscurantism, etc. What's the use? One keeps annoying the very crowd we need to win. I suppose it is a literary device to get attention. I think Schmallhausen's book is open to the same objection. Keep on indicting everyone and you indict yourself sooner or later.

We are to have some sex discussions here during next month. I hope to learn much about the feeling of our men. Sherwood has been stirring things up—mostly to the good, I think. Some of them seem very eager. Whether it is a "world" subject or not, I am not sure.

My own papers are in Geneva and should be delivered today. It is just possible that MS. may be in them. If so, I'll get a copy to you some way or other.

Your political notes are very interesting. Rock-ribbed Republicanism seems singularly out of place, and I think that you are right in finding the Socialists running steadily toward an esoteric monopoly. Norman Thomas has had a lot to make him bitter, and he has felt deeply aggrieved that such papers as *The Nation* failed to support him. The complaining does not win, however. He got the Socialists out of their Class War Idea but, I am afraid, at the expense of much of the labor support he had. Smith has certainly made a merry campaign and the popular vote was very interesting. I fear the Protestants *thought* they were voting for Prohibition when deep in their hearts they were voting against a Catholic. The Americans in Geneva seem to be strongly Hooverite—Catholicism and Prohibition, I think. Fosdick's speech was reprinted in the Paris edition of the *Herald-Tribune*. This sheet was in some difficulty, naturally, being Wet and Republican.

I have been working a bit with the bright boys here from time to time. This man Painter is a very smart boy. 't Hooft's book *The Background of the Social Gospel in America* is out, and we have argued over it for hours. I hope we can get an American edition as it may stir up interest in rethinking some portions. I have taken some sharp objection to his use of some quotations from Sunny. There is much of interest in the volume, however.

My love to one and all, big and little. Helen writes most happy and enthusiastic letters, which help a lot over here. The doctor calls again, so I must be off. Affectionately,

Fred

La Residence, Geneva, Suisse,
November 23, 1928

My dearest Mousie:

We have had your two nice letters by last evening's mail—a heavy mail, too, bringing a great batch of letters and papers from everyone, everywhere. I thought at first that

there must have been an accumulated hold-up somewhere, but we have done very well right along.

I was very glad to hear the news you had to tell and also to hear from Helen that you had some very nice friends at the school—she thought *particularly* very nice. If this is so, it is well worth while to have gone for the sake of that alone. Certainly I am tremendously pleased by your first report—it seems very good for the new start.

We are just living along here a quiet life as if we were a couple of old people. Our friends are very, very kind to us; and we appreciate it very much indeed. I seem to be improving rather steadily with only such little set-backs as one could expect under the circumstances.

The weather has been particularly good for this time of year and we have had a fine measure of real sunshine. They expect a very gloomy time as a general rule, but we have been fortunate.

Visser 't Hooft's mother is at the point of death—no hope, I am afraid—so he is up there with his wife at present. The rest of our friends are here most of the time.

Take all my love and a million kisses, and do write me about your *thoughts* and feelings from time to time—specially religion—as I like to know what you are thinking about. I'll tell you mine in exchange. Yours,

Pop

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Two splendid new friendships crowned those last months. Mr. Fox and Mr. Painter were both in La Residence during the autumn months of comparative health. Mr. Fox is an English clergyman from Oxford, Mr. Painter one of the circle in publication work in Geneva. The former we did not meet, the latter endeared himself to me, in only one meeting, by his keen intelligence and striking resemblance to Fred. Of his book "The Man of Nazareth," Fred remarked that it came nearest to his thought of The Master of any book he had ever read.

December 13, 1928

My dearest Sister:

This is the last day of the Escalade celebration—as you remember, the sort of Independence Day of Switzerland. Naturally, I have not participated in the festival to any extent; but we went down to the brief gaieties at the office on Tuesday. We had tea, speeches by two prominent Genevois, and the ceremony of breaking the "Marmite." The replica of the famous pot was made in candy. The young woman selected—one has to be a native, I believe, to perform the ceremony properly—smashed it with a mallet, at the same time crying aloud: "So perish the enemies of Geneva!" The legend of the Marmite is even more tenuous than the William Tell yarn. Also, to my great astonishment, I discovered as I listened to the learned Swiss tell the story that the total loss of the city of Geneva was 17 lives in the little shindy so grandiloquently described as l'Escalade. The names of the seventeen are read aloud (all the congregation standing). However, the celebration is all O. K. and the deliverance from the Dukes of Savoy is inseparably associated with the alleged event—so why worry?

I have not been so well lately and I presume the X-ray may be started up any time. I have no idea exactly why the progress has been arrested, but the doctors seem to feel—as they said before—that it was quite to be expected. It is good to know that several untoward symptoms are missing, so I hope to turn up hill again. There is nothing to worry about—patience is the watchword. I saw Gilbert again yesterday, and a new series of X-ray pictures will be taken tomorrow. I hope to have a reassuring report for you by cable even before this reaches you. I should not have bothered you now if I had not felt that you must have a frank report. I am so much better than in the summer that I cannot get excited over ups and downs that must of necessity come in this instance.

Which reminds me again that we have heard no progressive reports of your arm. How is it getting on, anyway? I

rather gathered that it was improving but have not really had any definite word. I'm sorry to hear of Ralph's Thanksgiving cold, but I gather that his excursion to Placid proves that all's well once more.

We have all had a good laugh over Fizzy's letter and also over Sam's account of the fortunate—I might say, providential—burning of that curious abortion, the School of Science. I return it, herewith. It must have been a barrel of fun. If the firemen had not worked away on it, though, I suppose the Insurance Company would have suspected Pres. Hibben of conspiracy to defraud, or barratry, or piracy, or whatever intentionally burning a hideous school of science is called.

I have been reading some of the European psychology. They seem to be quite unable to handle the subject without running into metaphysics at every turn. You would be much surprised, I am sure, to find each discussion of instinct or emotion, or what not, running off into the relation of matter, energy, and time-space in the universe in the most baffling fashion. It is all very interesting, perhaps, but strangely bewildering. Experimental psychology seems to be at a low ebb here at the moment, though protests are loud that psychology is a science and not a philosophy. The psycho-analysts are busy, though Jung and Adler seem to stand much higher than Freud, and some of the psychiatrists treat them all rather gingerly. In America, we are absorbed with the vital problems of education; here, everyone seems to be anxious to "explain the universe." I suppose it will all wash out in the end, somehow. John B. Watson is, of course, the chief devil in the Inferno.

* * *

Broken off at this point. The X-ray pictures seem to indicate a clear abbie, so probably some local disturbance upset me for the moment.

Resuming. We were up on the tops of the hills in the snows yesterday. It was a day of incomparable beauty. I

felt much revived by the fresh bright air and walked a couple of kilometres over the hard snow.

The *Princetonian* arrived announcing the timely demise of the S. of S. We all had a good time over it—including our English friends, the Foxes and Pip Painter. Who is Miss McCarthy? That is a touch of local color I have missed. There will be such uniform rejoicing that I think it must have been a real Thanksgiving.

We send all our love. I *must* get this off or it will miss another American mail. Remember us to the whole crowd.

Your

Fred

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THERE could be no regrets in any of our hearts that the going was to be from Geneva. Fred himself would have us remember not the suffering and the sorrow of parting, but all the fortunate circumstances that made everything as easy as possible for him and for those of us who were with him—the skill and kindness of courteous Swiss doctors, the quiet of the little Clinique, the beautiful care of the Sisters, the glory of snow-clad mountains in sunlight and moonlight, and friends—"Ach, lieber Gott—friends."

Fred's last words to Hilda and to us were just those of a deeply affectionate nature in appreciation of the service that love so willingly renders.

For him, with whom the lines of race and class were recognized only to be ignored, the centre of the efforts for world peace would always be a place of deepest interest. He loved the stodgy old city and had expected to live there for a time.

His last words to the greatly loved X-ray specialist were in French. At dawn on the morning of the 25th of February the watchers heard the Sisters singing, in German, "It is well, it is well, with my soul."

As the sun rose in full splendor over Salève he was "at home with God."

His favorite hymn set to the triple rhythm of Beethoven's melody would fittingly close any remembrance of Fred's life.

1

Where cross the crowded ways of life,
Where sound the cries of race and clan,
Above the noise of selfish strife,
We hear Thy voice, O Son of man!

2

In haunts of wretchedness and need,
On shadowed thresholds dark with fears,
From paths where hide the lures of greed,
We catch the vision of Thy tears.

3

From tender childhood's helplessness,
From woman's grief, man's burdened toil,
From famished souls, from sorrow's stress,
Thy heart has never known recoil.

4

The cup of water given for Thee
Still holds the freshness of Thy grace;
Yet long these multitudes to see
The sweet compassion of Thy face.

5

O Master, from the mountain side,
Make haste to heal these hearts of pain,
Among these restless throngs abide,
O tread the city's streets again,

6

Till sons of men shall learn Thy love
And follow where Thy feet have trod:
Till glorious from Thy heaven above
Shall come the city of our God.

## THESE LETTERS

having eluded diligent search, were found too late to be included in this book. They are added with apologies.

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November 13, 1928.

Dear Ralph:

Your fine long letter is here with its news of various things about which I was anxious to hear. The trip from New York to Geneva really was a gala time because the changing scene and wonderful weather combined with the freedom from acute pain seemed to me like a little Heaven.

I am sorry in a way to be missing the Riviera and Italy; but we are very happy here, and it seems far wiser to keep up the daily contact with the treatment and maintain a close vigilance. They still hope that we may defer the X-ray itself till January; but such a procedure depends, of course, upon constant watchfulness lest the glands should jump up again.

Helen sent me excerpts from Fizz's letters. We have greatly enjoyed them. Particularly have I roared over his story of the "pep" meetings. I suppose the go-getter who made the speeches never dreamed for a moment what was going on behind the glasses of our friend F. H. H. That part of it is really the funniest in contemplation. Naturally, my sympathies poured out to him; I never could stomach that rah-rah stuff. Fizz's sense of humor will enable him to bear it and enjoy it. I remember Ed. P—— in Princeton telling me once in a husky voice how much more his club (C. & G.) meant to him than did his class, elaborating a really painful loyalty to abstractions at great length; and when I said that I liked my friends but that neither class nor club meant a hell of a lot to me, I thought he would shoot me on the spot.

My contacts here with the World's Committee group have been most interesting. The Executive Committee meeting

brought a crowd from various parts of Europe. I have been in only one section, the proposed conference on Psychology. I think we have brought this down to earth, but I fear we shall have to reckon with the Germans eventually. Fortunately, the German psychologists who are expected to take a leading part are anti-theological; but the German Y. M. C. A. leaders themselves are solidly theological, almost hopelessly so. I am sure that you can hardly comprehend what this means until you come actually in contact. They are not Biblical Fundamentalists at all but theological thinkers. For example, here are a few of the general ideas circulating round among them.

1. God is not limited in any way. If He makes right wrong then right becomes wrong. There is really no such thing as national morality, it is the fiat of a God whose will is not bound in any way. It is possible that He may ordain cruelty. He is Absolute King and it is only *His* Holiness that matters.

2. Brotherhood, for example, does not mean that all men are brothers. Brotherhood exists only among those already believers. Those "outside Christ" are not our brothers and we have no profound brotherly obligation to them.

3. There is absolute discontinuity between Man and God. Man is in revolt against God. The fight is on, so to speak.

4. Some are under the influence of Barth. To such there is no real connection between the spiritual life and our daily life. They feel that the talk of Christianizing our lives—our homes, our schools, our business, our industry—is dangerous heresy. Life cannot be Christianized: it is doomed. Only the pure, unattached, abstract life of the spirit can be called Christian —and only then under restricted circumstances.

5. Love is greatly overemphasized in religion, particularly American. God is Judge. Hence, we are miserable sinners primarily; and our optimism is greatly misplaced. We ought to be terribly pessimistic.

It's great stuff. I am on the mat with some of them most of the time. You see, interest is not lacking.

Best regards to all. Write me again.

Yours affectionately,

FRED.

November 18, 1928.

My dearest Sister:

This seems a very good opportunity—the quiet lazy hour between tea and dinner—to have a chat with you. In spite of all one can do, these days of routine seem strangely full, and it is often hard to get a clear time ahead.

Our friends here are exceedingly kind and hardly a day passes but someone is in or we are around to someone's. They live, for the most part, quite near us; and anyway the distances are so short that it is easy to get about. The boys are very nice to me; they always send a car for me when I go to tea and get me back home. The little conferences around their fires—limited, as you know, to two sticks of wood kept alight with a bellows—are very pleasant and stimulating and in no sense tiring. There are some really remarkable men, of course: Basil Mathews, whose books you know; P. I. Painter, the invalid scholar whose new Life of Christ is a really striking book; Visser 't Hooft who speaks Dutch, German, French, and English with perfect ease and has just taken his Ph. D. in theology; Gethman the General Secretary and his wife Helen King (the first of the women I sent to France in the War), very superior people; Lenaud the Swiss and Müller the German, both very interesting men of extraordinary ability; Tracy Strong whom, I think, you know; Sartorius the curiosity, who speaks a lot of languages but none of them well, not even his own; and sundry Americans I have known. In the hotel are some very amusing companions; and the Irishman, McCowen, who lives just around the corner is a really good friend of mine. A man named Fox here, an Oxford parson, is in the hotel with his very lovely wife. He is one of the officials of the Church Peace Union and a thoroughly congenial bull-thrower. Of course, the Indian, Datta, is full of interest for me. He has a Scotch wife, you may remember.

My weight continues to increase, and I am really quite comfortable. Tildy is only fairly well but is feeling a bit better now. She has been under a big strain and it is no wonder. She does

miss the children but is very happy here. She loves the city, as I do; and the ease of the social life is much to her liking. It is nice to be able to get around to teas, luncheons and dinners, and to have guests in here without any fatiguing effort. The settled bourgeois character of this place is really restful. A dear old Swiss lady the other day was objecting strenuously to people using their own foreign titles here—"when we Swiss do not use titles." It is highly typical that the only art in Geneva is a mechanical one, watch-making: it takes an aristocracy or a peasantry to develop much native art. The patron saints of the place are a heterogeneous crowd. Really it's a scream; think of mixing up Calvin, Knox, Madame de Stäel, Jean-Jacques Rousseau, Voltaire, Servetus and the national brigand General Henri Dufour. Painter says they would have put Rousseau on the big Reformation monument if they could have found a respectable way of doing it.

Fritz's report and the principal's letter seem to me very good indeed for a start-off in a new school. I miss the little rascal, but I am glad that she is out of an invalid environment just now. Children don't quite understand illness, and I think it is rather unfortunate for them to be forced to live in a steady stream of it. Reports from New York and Troy are encouraging also. The Mouse seems busy and happy. I wish her academic work were a little freer, but it won't do her any harm for a couple of years. Until our systems change, one must be ready for the grind.

Fizz's picture is a joy. We are so very glad to have it. The maid gave me a long rhapsody over Meg's photograph and I had to give her an explanation of her relationship. I am glad to hear that Grandpa is improving. It is certainly wise for him to have a lay-off: last year was a colossal strain even for the most robust. He will enjoy both Placid and Arizona, I am sure. Erd wrote encouragingly of him. Well, abundant strength is a good thing; but it is those who early discover their limits who live long and heartily.

Wasn't the Vestris a fearful accident? Everyone is terribly excited over it here. Something must have been radically wrong. The big ship men all say that you cannot lose a modern ship in the open sea without gross carelessness—i. e., barring a collision. It seems too bad. I suppose we shall never learn the truth. However, it will stiffen up the rules and regulations, I suppose; and travel will be safer than ever.

They are hard after me here to make Geneva my headquarters for two or three years. Of course, I can only reply that I have first to get well and then to stay well, and so cannot undertake even to consider future obligations of any kind. It is pleasant to confer and counsel, but I would be insane to hint at promises. Next March or April will be time enough even to think of any future.

We are still resting heavily on your love and care and think of you much.

Our love to one and all.

Yours,

FRED.

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Thanksgiving Day.

My dearest Sister:

The flock of little notes "to be gotten out of the way" seems to multiply, so I shall again have to set them aside if I am ever to get a decent letter written to you off this week. Our mail is much more irregular now due to the decrease of the steam-boat sailings, so I must be more prompt on the job. Every morning, I sit up in bed before the ozone hour getting these chits off home.

The days seem to fly by—and really very pleasantly. Of course I never do anything particular in the morning except the doctor. After lunch the rest leaves a very brief day left. The little teas with the fellows are the happiest recreations: they continue without cessation. They get me in a car always and after the refreshment we talk—endlessly. In the meantime, I am being internationally educated: I needed it. My sympathies were probably all directed toward the right ends, but it takes some time to get the feel of the deeper emotions of other people; and at times you will find me listening with a continued silence of which you would hardly believe me capable.

The hotel society is augmented by Prof. Garner of Illinois and his wife. They are really delightful people, also, and I foresee more good bull sessions ahead of us. They were also invited today to the Thanksgiving Dinner at the Gethmans' where we had turkey, cranberry sauce, sweet potatoes, and pump-

kin pie—and fruit salad, a bird unknown to Suisse, evidently. How we shall manage tonight I do not know, for we have a second Thanksgiving dinner here in the hotel—all the Americans at one big table. However, strength is usually given for the task we have in hand. There are some of my countrymen here with whom I have no consuming desire to eat. I fear we cannot ring in the Foxes on this, because they are English; and much as I love them both, they are unmistakably, one might say tragically, English. Their pronunciation would betray them in two seconds.

The quiet improvement goes on. Every day is not a gala day and I have to eschew anything faintly resembling a strain of any kind, but, on the whole, life is not a burden. Tildy seems better. The plain truth is that we are both of us fagged out and we shall have to give nature a real chance.

One real difficulty still remains in the World's Committee, namely, that it still is too strongly Anglo-Saxon. There are all kinds on the staff, but when committees get down to work, the majority seems always Anglo-Saxon. As a rule, they prefer to use English (as I told you) because the other languages have a rather cumbersome Y. M. C. A. vocabulary, even when that vocabulary is not entirely lacking. So it is not really a language difficulty but a racial one I am thinking of. Little Lenaud (one of the Swiss) always speaks in French even though the rascal speaks English well enough. It is hard for me to follow spoken French, and sometimes I miss the point completely. I dare not begin lessons, though, because it means an obligation and preparation. Perhaps later—if I feel like it.

I have read a fascinating book on the woman's movement in England called *The Cause*, by Ray Strachey. It is well-written and even-balanced. I believe you would like it. There is very little hoorah about it, and much sane sense.

French doors simply do not keep out the cold, in spite of good hot radiators. I laugh. We pay a fixed price for our room and 3 frs. extra per day *for heat*. If we refused to pay for heat I do not know what they would do. Also 1 fr. apiece per week for the concert on the bill amuses me very much. The big costume ball in the hotel will come off soon, Dec. 11, I think. I wonder if anyone will go. It says strictly "pas masques ou travestis." As every ball has several travesties present and only one's friends (or enemies) can really say whether or not you are a travesty, I was much puzzled. The faithful concierge, Henri, enlightened

me, however. "Travestis" are men dressed as women or women dressed as men. The warning seems superfluous; there are a couple of damned fools here but not, I think, such damned fools as would appear at a ball in a "travesti."

Last night at 12:30 we were serenaded by a quartette or more of very musical Americans who sang American songs with near-harmony till 1:30 in the street. I cannot believe but that they had been dining well. I longed to get up and tell them to "tie a can to it," but my first wife objected to any American repartee from the window. I thought I would get up and take a shot of Scotch and so get into the spirit of the thing, but she didn't think that would make it actually sound any funnier.

I was interrupted here—I'll say I was!—by the call for dinner at Gethman's, and then again last evening, so I have been able to get at this only this morning once again.

Thanksgiving dinner at Gethman's was a first class affair. We had a wonderful turkey and all the fixin's and pumpkin pie. After a pleasant visit we returned here for a rest and then went to La Résidence's Thanksgiving Dinner which was spread particularly for the American guests, who sat at a long table together. We had another line of American (or near-American) food, and crackers, confetti, etc. Everybody dressed up: and, as I must again remark, the handsome, well-dressed, middle-aged women made the flappers look pale and insignificant. I believe nothing is more heartening than to see women from 25 to 55 (and more, too) keeping up to snuff not by emulating the kids but by developing a series of smart tones and styles of their own. Of course, the skittish grandmas are still with us; but they would be silly anyway. There is a handsome woman here named Mrs. R——; about five children, I think. She appeared in a plain black velvet dress, handsome, assured, dignified but withal still having beaucoup de sex appeal; and a couple of rather over-smart youngsters of about 20 looked like faded hepaticas beside her.

You would be thrilled at the German theology we have been running into. It's splendiferous and fearful. I gave Ralph some samples of it. The British and Americans show differences but no irreconcilable ones, and usually cling fairly closely to each other. The Germans ond Dutch think that psychology was invented by Edison or Henry Ford. They follow you up to a certain point and then say: "Oh, but of course that's a paradox

I am stating. You have to accept that. It can only be apprehended by belief and faith." When I point out that you cannot have your cake and eat it, viz., that God can hardly be regarded as both entirely outside Creation and at the same time entirely within Creation, they again say: "No, not by human logic, only by divine logic in revelation." On this basis I believe you could prove anything. When we insist that human personality gives us the clue as to what divine personality might be imagined to be, they throw up their hands in holy horror. Of course, they are not literalists and they are heartily in favor of modern science; but as men and as Germans they must have a paradox.

The Thanksgiving cables arrived and were deeply appreciated. We think of you all very much, indeed, and send our love across the ocean (which seems to be kicking up high jinks at the moment) and hope it will reach you as full and strong as it leaves here. Take care of yourself. I'm still hoping against hope that you will turn up before the sojourn is over.

Yours,

FRED.

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